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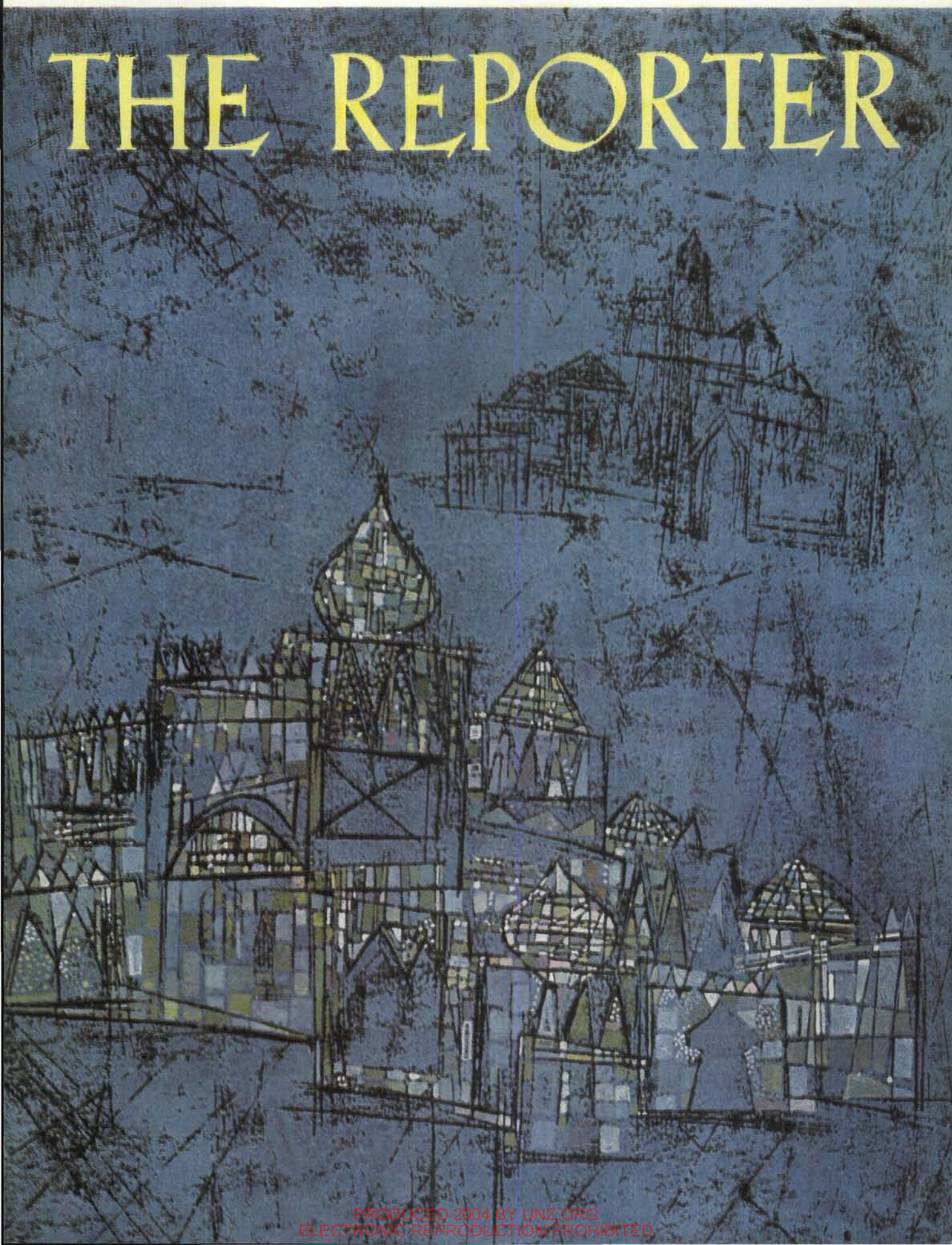
THE REPORTER



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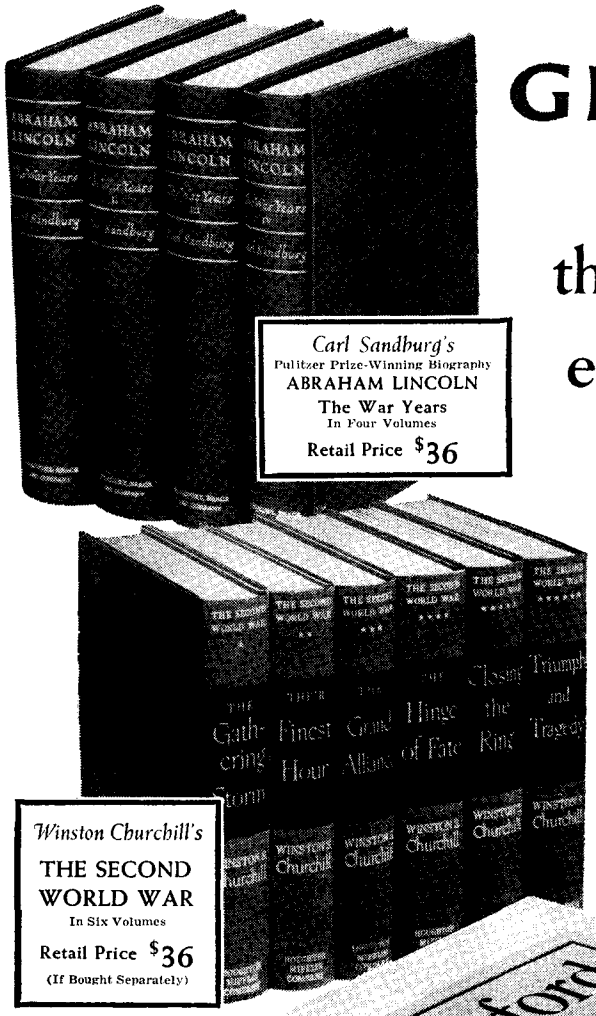

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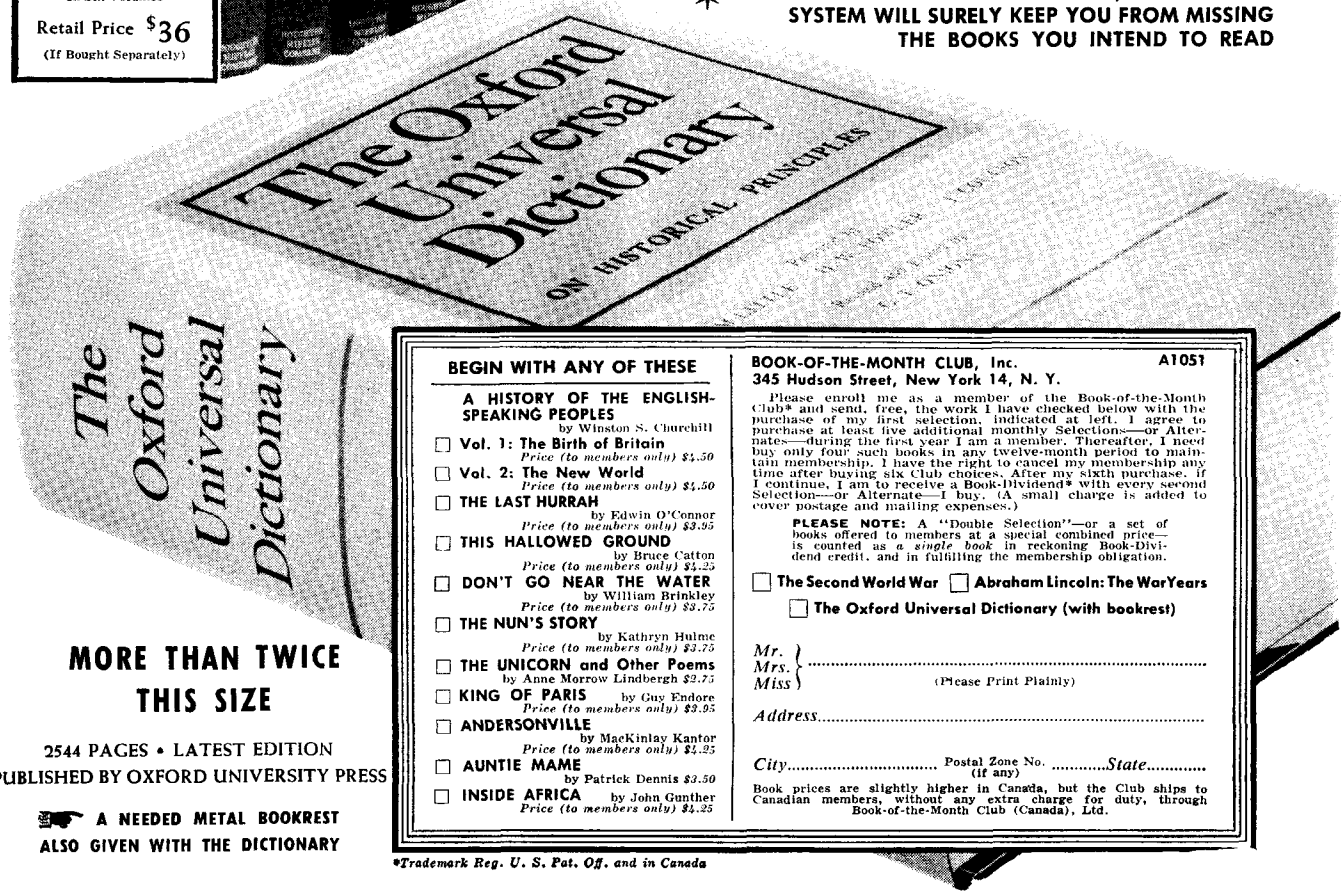

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THE REPORTER'S NOTES

Farewell to the Nay-Sayer

Soon the corridors of the State Department will see the last of Under Secretary Herbert Hoover, Jr., the man who came in more than two years ago as the son of the Great Engineer to sit at Mr. Dulles's right hand, and who now goes out of office amid a chorus of resounding silence.

He had been appointed not because of his wide knowledge of world affairs or his experience at large-scale management—he had neither—but because an Administration anxious to appease its own right wing had thought that to honor a Hoover scion with high office might do the trick. Dulles, after all, would remain his boss. But Mr. Hoover the younger, outwardly a colorless, silent man, soon displayed such an outstanding backstage ability at crossing up, slowing, and frustrating his boss—and, on occasion, the President himself—that the trick worked only too well. He opposed the scope of Dulles's foreign-aid program, particularly with respect to India. He opposed Dulles's plan for cultural exchanges with the Communist world.

As Chairman of the Operations Coordinating Board, Mr. Hoover opposed the closer dealings with Tito that Dulles had been advocating. During the Suez crisis, while both the President and Secretary Dulles were absent from the capital, he found so many obstacles to throw in the path of prompt U.S. oil-tanker relief of Britain and France that the several weeks' delay further embittered inter-Allied relations.

Repeatedly, when on his own as Acting Secretary, Hoover had to be amended, corrected, or disavowed. He never came up with a positive idea, and one of his last actions was simply to block the appointment of a positive man, General Walter Bedell Smith, as a special foreign-affairs aide to the White House.

He disappears from the scene with a "Dear Herbert" Presidential letter of thanks. We are thankful too.

Pure Nonsense

Alexander Holtzoff, a Federal district judge in Washington, is a smallish man whose propensity for bizarre *obiter dicta* has not always lightened the job of the courts of review. Not long ago, Judge Holtzoff, perhaps stimulated by the presence of a visiting group of school kids in the courtroom, had a few trenchant remarks to make about young people, or at least a certain category of young people. In imposing a ninety-day sentence on one twenty-seven year-old physicist for contempt of Congress, he took advantage of the occasion to condemn part of a whole generation.

"From evidence admitted in other cases that have come before the court, the court has gleaned the inference that the younger generation of pure scientists specifically engaging in research in physics has succumbed to Communistic propaganda," said Judge Holtzoff. "I want to make it clear that I am not saying this about applied scientists, engineers, and chemists, but persons who have engaged in pure science. I also want to make it clear that that seems to apply only to the younger generation of this group of scientists—not the older generation."

There was something reassuring about Judge Holtzoff's remarks. For a long time, we have been acutely aware of a shortage of theoretical scientists in this country. Goodly

SPIRITUAL

Gonna sit no more in de back o' de bus,
No, Lawd.
Gonna sit no more in de back o' de bus,
No, Lawd, no more.
Folks can holler an' folks can fuss,
Gonna sit no more in de back o' de bus,
No, Lawd.

Gonna sit any place we see to ride,
Yes, Lawd.
Gonna sit any place we see to ride,
Yes, Lawd, dat's law.
Gonna sit any place we see to ride,
Same as the white folks, side by side,
Yes, Lawd.

Trouble ain't gonna come from us,
No, Lawd.
Trouble ain't gonna come from us,
No, Lawd, not here.
Trouble ain't gonna come from us,
Gonna 'bide de law in de front o' de bus,
Yes, Lawd.

—SEC

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numbers apply for the lush jobs in the laboratories of our great industries, where science is made to dispense ever more dainty detergents and salubrious cereals. But we lack the brooding fellows who deal in thoughts that have no immediate end product though they may ultimately result in fissioning atoms or fusioning hydrogen—in short, the "pure" scientists. Now it turns out that we are just as well off. Pure science is subversive.

The trouble, of course, is not with science but with purity. Judge Holtzoff is an applied jurist. We are sure there is not much purity of legal wisdom in him.

Neanderthal Straphanger

And yet we must admit that some scientists will be the death of us. In one week they have come out with two concepts guaranteed to generate alarm in a number of quarters. The first arose in a discussion on "Spontaneous Generation" held by the 123rd annual meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, in which it was suggested that "man is a natural and orderly development of the physical universe; a development, like a mountain range or a lake, that did not require the interventions of supernatural powers . . ."

The reception of this "suggestion" by most religious bodies should be both interesting and explosive. Our own reaction is one of mild surprise that anyone should see man as either natural or orderly, particularly after the holidays. We are far more inclined to go along with the findings of a Dr. William L. Straus, Jr., of Johns Hopkins, who appears to have drastically revised our estimate of the Neanderthal Man. No brute he, but an intelligent fellow who probably suffered from arthritis and pyorrhea. "I think if we saw him standing on the subway dressed in modern clothes," said Dr. Straus, "we wouldn't give him any more attention than we now give some of the other denizens there."

We have news for you, Doctor. We *have* seen him standing in the New York subways—hundreds of times. And in fact, we gave him considerable attention. There was something about him—what was it, exactly?—something more natural and orderly than the rest of us, perhaps?

Be It Resolved

Having become painfully aware, through the practices of world bodies as well as individual souls, that resolutions are prefaces to inaction, we feel free to make the following resolutions concerning next Christmas:

1. That no Christmas cards be sent out without a specimen of the sender's handwriting.
2. That people called "Bill," "Ed," "Betty," or "Mary" give clues to their last names on said cards.
3. That spools of ribbon be made of ribbon.
4. That all carols be confined to the period between December 22 and December 25.
5. That somewhere, somehow, some way, some space be reserved in the clutter for the birth of Christ.

The Solid Chrome Monster

Fired by advance reports of its market analysts and astrologers that it could expect a record sale of well over eight million new vehicles in 1957, the U.S. automotive industry in mid-December staged a $12-million auto show in Manhattan's vast new Coliseum.

Willowy showgirls abounded, a dancing musicale was put on, and one could also view the gorgeous, glittering new cars, with horsepower up into the three hundreds and weights well over two tons. Never before have our cars been so vast, so powerful, so swollen with gadgets, or so costly. And never before have our streets been so clogged, and our highways so deadly.

The motorist incautious enough to try to drive up to the Coliseum in his 1956 behemoth to see the even bigger 1957 line was lucky if he could find parking space closer than a mile or two away. And if he used his car—new or old—over Christmas, he might end as one of the more than seven hundred people killed in accidents over that holiday weekend alone—thus overfulfilling the quota of the National Safety Council.

Last summer, members of the House Interstate and Foreign Commerce Committee journeyed to Detroit to look into the industry's claim that more powerful cars mean safer cars. Representative Paul F. Schenk (R., Ohio) argued that "the public feels speeds and power are too high." Another warning came from Democratic Governor Abraham Ribicoff of Connecticut, who told the General Assembly of the States that the present automobile is "one of our most dangerous weapons."

But, confident of their sales prospects with even bigger and more terrific cars guaranteed to beat every competitor on the highway, the auto makers have ignored the warnings. For the 1956 model, Ford tried the "safety" theme in its contest against Chevrolet, incorporating such devices as extra-strong door latches and concave steering wheels. And what happened? The sales of Chevrolet, with the slogan "The hot one's even hotter," surged ahead of Ford.

Still, newspaper polls of motorists visiting the shimmering booths at the Coliseum showed that many of them wanted above all else in the new models not more size or more speed, but more safety. Potential buyers were interviewed who cared less about rich upholstery than about windows through which you could actually see the road fairly clearly on both sides. And maybe even a slightly less overwhelming dinosaur might do to negotiate a path through the all but impenetrable highway jungles of our day.

This was the result of the poll—at least in New York City. We seem to have two sets of facts, the conclusion of the polls and the evidence of last year's sales. What does the public want—safety or speed? Which will be given priority in the manufacturer's mind—the sale of machines or their drivers' chances of survival?

The 1958 models will tell.

HAPPY NEW YEAR

The last bell has rung,
The cards are outflung,
The naked tree lies in the gutter.

It fills me with cheer
To see the old year
Carried out, like myself,
on a shutter.

—SEC

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CORRESPONDENCE

DEMOCRATS AND CONGRESS

To the Editor: In the recent weeks of easy political hindsight, are we not all missing one extremely pertinent point: The so-called *Democratic majority in Congress exists on* paper alone! Conservative publications have blindly deplored the situation; the liberals have followed Senator Hubert Humphrey in calling for a big victory celebration; you have called for a coalition Cabinet! Yet all this ignores the fact that of the *contested* Congressional seats the Republicans won a handy majority, as they have regularly done for the past ten years.

Only if liberalism wishes to claim as bedfellows the Democrats who represent their party from *uncontested* districts—and from others where the opposition is merely token—can it produce the "Democratic" majority of which you talk. You know full well that of the eighty-eight uncontested House seats, the average political climate is somewhat to the right of the McCarthy-Jenner-Velde camp. How many liberal votes can you find in the Congressional delegations from Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, and North and South Carolina? And this is not to mention Harry Byrd of Virginia and kindred spirits from other states. I dare say that there are at least fifteen Democratic Senators from Southern states whose political views find McCarthy very far to the left. Yet you must count every last one of their votes to find the bare Democratic majority upon which you have made your call for coalition. Please, gentlemen, look at this point with your normal candor. Leave Senator Humphrey's call to await its echo and the conservative press to its nearsightedness. What we have had for years, and certainly have now, are three political climates in Congress, with the Republican "Center" having by far the greatest number of votes.

Having said that, let me add that although I am a Republican of the Clifford Case variety, and therefore normally in disagreement with your political views, I think it admirable that your articles unflinchingly state the facts on both sides of any issue. I find few members of the conservative press willing to do the same thing.

ROBERT C. KENAGY
Bryan, Texas

To the Editor: Douglass Cater's valuable article "Who Will Speak for the Democrats?" in your November 29 issue contains a sentence which seems to me to cry out for comment. Concerning Stevenson, he says, "He must bear the onus of his recent defeat without sharing any of the credit for the party's strong showing on lower levels." Judging from a pretty careful scrutiny of post-election commentary in the press, I should say that this, as a statement of fact, is undeniably true, but that the fact itself is the result either of ignorance, illogic, or the prejudice that prevails against Mr. Stevenson in the press. Anyone who followed his campaign at all carefully is surely aware that Mr. Stevenson spoke always as champion of the leadership of the Democratic Party, attempting to focus the voter's eye upon issues rather than personalities. It was a foregone conclusion that he could not defeat a candidate who has the personal love and loyalty (one might say "the family love and loyalty") of a majority of his fellow countrymen; but wouldn't it be justice to concede to Mr. Stevenson the lesser triumph that by the general vote the people at least tried to convert their preferred Presidential candidate into a Democrat?

ANNA FRANCIS BLOCH
Lawrence, Kansas

R.F.E. AND HUNGARY

To the Editor: We find it impossible to believe that Béla Kovács had Radio Free Europe in mind when he spoke of "reactionaries," "feudalists," "fascists," and "men who are marked because of their war crimes" in the passage quoted by Leslie B. Bain in "Budapest: Interview in a Basement Hideaway" (*The Reporter*, December 13).

The writers, editors, and broadcasters with R.F.E.'s Voice of Free Hungary include no one in any of such categories, nor has R.F.E. ever broadcast to Hungary programs that by any stretch of imagination could be classified as "White reaction," whatever the precise meaning may be.

A large number of R.F.E.'s Hungarian personnel were members of Béla Kovács's own Independent Smallholders Party, and many of them were close personal friends as well as political colleagues and admirers of this fine and decent Hungarian leader.

In the circumstances it is impossible to verify Mr. Bain's quotes, but we would like to ask him this question: Who are some of these undesirable Hungarians employed by R.F.E.? Did he ask Mr. Kovács to identify them?

The fact is that the individual political beliefs of members of R.F.E.'s Hungarian staff range from conservative to liberal. Neither the extreme Right nor the extreme Left of the political spectrum is represented. Furthermore, R.F.E. broadcasts do not advocate the cause of particular individuals or parties in or out of Hungary. We support simply the right of the Hungarian people to select, through free elections, their own form of government.

It may be relevant to note that for six years the U.S.S.R., in concert with its worldwide Soviet bloc, has hurled at R.F.E. the charges of "fascist," "reactionary," "war criminals," "feudalists," etc., in an endeavor to put R.F.E. out of business.

W. J. CONVERY EGAN
Director
Radio Free Europe

Mr. Bain replies:

I have read Mr. Egan's letter with interest and I am sorry for not being able to give him a detailed answer. Neither Kovács nor other Hungarian revolutionary figures spoke of Radio Free Europe in terms of personalities. I am sure Kovács knows nothing of the organization and its personnel. The views expressed to me by Hungarians were based on Radio Free Europe's performance before, during, and after the revolution.

Specifically, R.F.E.'s efforts to undermine the standing of Nagy's government, question its honesty, and influence the population to make impossible demands on it were considered nefarious by the revolutionary leaders.

I am surprised that Mr. Egan finds it necessary to defend Radio Free Europe with Soviet hostility to it. The relevancy of Soviet charges against R.F.E. may be apparent to Mr. Egan but escapes me when juxtaposed with Kovács's remarks.

FOOTNOTE TO 'FOOTNOTES'

To the Editor: I have just read Leslie Fiedler's piece on the year's fiction in which he mentions me and my work. I have not read any of the other books discussed. So this has to do with what, and with only a part of what, Mr. Fiedler says about mine, in particular with the implication in: "If the *New Yorker* lies in wait for Powers at his most relaxed, it only proves there's a trap for everybody in the land of opportunity."

In my opinion, the *New Yorker* has printed some of my best work and rejected some of it. I could say the same thing about other magazines. It happens all the time, and for various reasons, I understand—though each time the verdict goes against me I die a little. The *New Yorker* has not published me at my most relaxed. There is no difference of quality in the work I've published in the *New Yorker* and elsewhere in recent years. I am not unacquainted, however, with the implication in Mr. Fiedler's remark; he is not the only one throwing that old roundhouse curve.

Since March, when *The Presence of Grace* was published, I have been accused, in Mexico, of worshiping the Golden Calf by my acts of publishing in the *New Yorker*; I have been pooh-poohed, in the U.S.A., as one of a "company of contemporary writers like Jean Stafford, Peter Taylor, recent Eudora Welty, Frank O'Connor (and, curiously, J. D. Salinger) on whom Irish bears heavily"; and I have been judged, in England, to be a writer of "very good *New Yorker* stories" and at the same time, by the same reviewer, I have been crucified upside down as "vastly inferior to either Father Brown or Don Camillo." Now I ask you: "What are all *those* fish that lie gasping on the strand?"

The idea seems to be that the *New Yorker* is something like Hollywood. (I must admit it's rather a shock for an internationally unpopular author to be paid well for his work.) No one, however, has twisted my arm. I have not been brainwashed. I hope that Mr. Fiedler, whose essays and fiction I know and respect, will have occasion to find out for himself the truth about the *New Yorker*. I hope, too, that he'll be strong enough to take the kicks, slurs, and cold kisses of his critics. The way of a *New Yorker* contributor is not easy. Puritans associate him with the luxuries advertised in the magazine; other authors associate him with unfavorable reviews they've received there. Mr. Fiedler should write an essay about *that*.

Meanwhile I won't doubt for a moment that there's a trap for everybody in this land of opportunity. But I do feel that Mr. Fiedler himself is caught in a flimsy snare and delusion.

J. F. POWERS
Ann Arbor, Michigan

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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

AT A TIME when our diplomacy has become so gentle as to abhor the use of force, it does no harm to recognize the hard reality of the situations that this diplomacy must face. In Germany, for instance, there seems to be the danger that the people of the eastern, or Communist, section of that country will go Hungarian and start liberating themselves. The prospect of anti-Communist revolution in eastern Europe seems to be as worrisome to some Administration leaders—and to quite a number of political commentators—as it must undoubtedly be to the men in the Kremlin. Our Contributing Editor **William Harlan Hale** describes the struggle going on within the inner soul of the Administration: Should we stick to the old Adenauer-NATO line and use our position of strength to convince the Soviet government that Germany must be unified via free elections, or should we take advantage of the present position of weakness in which the Russians seem to find themselves in eastern Europe and somehow help them to get out of their troubles? If some kind of agreement in this latter direction were reached with the Russians, the Administration too might get out of some of its troubles. There might be a sizable reduction in armament on both sides of the Iron Curtain, and there could be a beginning of a pull-out of our forces in Europe together with something of a rollback of the Soviet empire. Should this happen, the Administration leaders would have solved the immemorial problem of eating a cake and having it too—if only the peoples of eastern Europe were reasonable enough not to start liberating themselves in earnest. This is why we are telling these peoples to go gently about gaining some independence from their oppressors.

In the prevailing all-around gentleness, we are more than happy to welcome the birth of new nations; we are even inclined to let the artificial insemination of new nationalisms proceed unchecked. Consequently, we are angry at those powers which still cling to what are, or are called, their colonies. **Edmond Taylor** recently visited North Africa and reports on what he saw. Aside from their struggle to achieve full nationhood, the peoples of Tunisia, Morocco, and Algeria face stubborn enemies: an unmanageable birth rate, illiteracy, and an ever more encroaching desert. With such odds against them, how viable can their independence prove to be?

Frank Gervasi, who for many years has traveled throughout the world as a correspondent, notably for *Collier's*, writes about a republic, young but already well tested, that happens to occupy a critical position in what may still be called, with some optimism, our system of alliances. The Turks, as everybody knows, are tough, yet their economy is fragile and the burden imposed on them by armament and rapid industrialization can turn out to be crushing. **Nora Beloff,** Paris correspondent for the London *Observer*, reports on a recent NATO meeting which was characterized by consistent gentleness on the part of everybody present—a gentleness that showed itself in the agreement of the statesmen not to reach any decisions on matters that proved too controversial.

OUR Washington Editor, **Douglass Cater,** discusses the perennial problem of protectionism. Whom does protectionism protect? As always, it is shocking to realize the disproportion between the dubious benefits brought to some people at home and the certain ill will generated abroad by such a decision as that recently made to raise barriers against Swiss watches. **James A. Maxwell,** a frequent contributor, writes about a flourishing Las Vegas that has been set up right next door to virtuous Cincinnati.

Life, we are sure, must always be difficult enough for any Communist leader, and particularly so in countries experimenting with the varying shades of national Communism. Singularly unenviable must be the lot of Marshal Rokossovsky, a man buffeted between two nationalisms and two communisms. Some people have expressed doubt that Rokossovsky is a Pole at all, but our regular contributor, **Isaac Deutscher,** who is himself Polish-born, has no more doubt about the Marshal's nationality than about his devotion to communism. Our readers may not have forgotten an essay by Mr. Deutscher, "The Tragic Life of a Polrugarian Minister" (*The Reporter*, July 8, 1952), in which the author might have had in mind the cases of such Red Hamlets as Marshal Rokossovsky or the late President of Poland, Boleslaw Bierut.

Patrick O'Donovan, Washington correspondent for the London *Observer*, tells how the United Nations Emergency Force was assembled. The policing of the Suez Canal should not lead us to forget the struggle in our own land to enforce the law against those who violate the Constitution. **David Halberstam,** on the staff of the Nashville *Tennessean*, describes that struggle as it is taking place in Clinton, Tennessee.

Josh Greenfeld, who went up to Floyd Patterson's training camp, is a free-lance writer and playwright. **James T. McCartin's** short story is the first he has published. He is a native New Yorker, a graduate of Columbia College, and is at work on a novel. **Walter Millis's** latest book, *Arms and Men: A Study in American Military History*, was published by Putnam last fall. **Colonel W. R. Kintner (U.S.A.),** who is currently assigned to the Operations Research Office of the Johns Hopkins University, has written extensively on the dynamic impact of strategy on national policy. **August Heckscher** is Executive Director of the Twentieth Century Fund.

Our cover, an impression of North Africa, is by **Marianne Davidson.**

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THE REPORTER

THE MAGAZINE OF FACTS AND IDEAS

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The Double Life In Washington and Bonn

WILLIAM HARLAN HALE

EARLY in the week of December 9, an impulse that had been gathering force for some time in the massive chest of Harold E. Stassen in his office in the cavernous Old State Department Building reached the point where he determined to call in several key members of the press. As the President's Special Assistant for Disarmament, Mr. Stassen had long been studying intently any possibilities of reducing East-West arms tension. The new situation created by the east European revolts against Kremlin domination had fired him with the belief that a moment of great opportunity was at hand, and that it should be grasped. The Soviets, undermined and badly off balance in their satellites, might well be in a mood to beat a retreat that would make possible a general security settlement. Word should get out without delay that the United States had sweeping new disarmament proposals to offer.

But the scope and nature of these proposals had been the subject of intense debate in the National Security Council, and Stassen's favorite project—that of simultaneous East-West troop withdrawals from central Europe—had foundered on a rock called West Germany. The President himself is understood to have come down sharply on his aide's ambitious scheme. It was pointed out to him what dire effects the idea of an American pull-out might have on our ally in Bonn, Chancellor Konrad Adenauer.

EVERYONE in the NSC room knew that Dr. Adenauer's political life depended on his having the assurance of full U.S. backing and military protection for the Federal Republic. They also knew that we for our part were pledged to support Dr. Adenauer. The aging Chancellor had already had occasion to become deeply incensed at us earlier in the year. In midsummer he had visited Washington and there received a reiteration of our pledge. Soon after his return to Bonn, newspapers here broke the story of the "Radford Plan," in which the Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff set forth the desirability of drastically slashing U.S. forces in West Germany. The Chancellor's American hosts had not told him of the existence of any such plan. He flatly refused to accept the explanation of our embassy at Bonn that it was merely a specialists' tentative working paper. He burst out that he felt he had been deceived and betrayed.

Another incident involving the suggestion that his republic might be denuded of U.S. troops would not only send Adenauer clear through the ceiling but might lose him his own Federal elections, scheduled for next September. The victors would then be the German Social Democrats, long opposed to Adenauer's line of complete West German integration with the western defense system and his intransigent blocking of all dealings with the Communist-led East Germany. To help keep the Social Democrats out of office had been standing United States policy ever since the founding of the Federal Republic in 1949.

Mr. Stassen Presses On

So the moment of historic opportunity, as envisaged by Mr. Stassen, seemed scotched by our rigid commitments to the old statesman of Bonn. But Mr. Stassen, when seized by a vision, is not a man to abandon it readily. On Thursday, December 13, he called in half a dozen key Washington correspondents for a not-for-attribution briefing, at which he described at least some of the elements of a new approach to disarmament which the United States was planning to lay before the Disarmament Commission of the United Nations in February. He dwelt on over-all troop reduction and on our willingness to modify our past insistence on full aerial inspection of Soviet areas at the outset—a requirement that Moscow had refused to accept all along. He did not, as indeed he could not, add that joint troop withdrawals from Germany were also part of our plan. But the ardor, the tenor, and the timing of his remarks were enough to start correspondents speculating on just that point, despite the NSC's efforts to keep it safely under the carpet. By Friday, many front pages were carrying stories suggesting that our government was projecting a general disarmament and security settlement that no doubt would involve all our NATO commitments and the status of Germany.

At last a debate that had been kept under Washington wraps during several weeks of increasing urgency had broken into the open. It was, and is, an argument between those who would seize at once the new opportunities that, they believe, have been thrust on us in this hour of Soviet embarrassment and those others who say, "Hold on, not so fast, remember our old policies; let's do nothing to help extricate the Soviets from their dilemma, and, above all, remember Dr. Adenauer and Bonn." It is more than a contest between two approaches. It is increasingly symptomatic of the two lives we lead—particularly when we come

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to Bonn. And Bonn is now returning the compliment by leading a double life with respect to us.

Collapse of a Vacuum

While ex-Governor Stassen was busy sending up his trial space balloons in Washington, Secretary of State Dulles was away in Paris, seeking at the NATO meetings there to recement a western Alliance badly shaken by its recent schism over the Middle East. West Germany, and its precise status inside our Alliance, was not on the agenda for consideration there. In fact, it has not been up for serious consideration for years with any of our Allies, all of whom have been taught to accept the fact that we as senior partner look upon Chancellor Adenauer's Bonn as our continental bastion and first line of defense—even though it has not yet provided for its own defense.

Therein lies one half of the split life we lead in international affairs. Secretary Dulles, trying to hold the familiar fort in Paris, was incensed by Stassen's excursion from it behind his back. Bristling cables of disavowal surged home across the Atlantic. Ranking officers at the State Department declared they knew nothing of any moves that might lead to an American withdrawal from Germany. The U.S. Information Agency, whose incoming wires were humming with press speculations on the subject, was ordered to ignore it. But the fat was now in the fire. As for Chancellor Adenauer, one Department official privately admitted that he was "livid."

THE EFFECT was like that of new currents rushing into a vacuum. Only a few days earlier, Senator Hubert H. Humphrey (D., Minnesota) had prefaced a staff study of his Foreign Relations subcommittee on disarmament with a proposal that we consider establishing, together with the Soviets, a demilitarized "buffer" zone in central Europe—meaning Germany. When coupled with Stassen's bold line of revisionist thinking, this proposal took on major significance. Commentators ranging from Walter Lippmann to Eric Sevareid broke out overnight with paragraphs suggesting that now, rather than later, was the moment to reach a relaxation of tension with the Soviets, particularly across Germany—a country that we, no less than the Russians, had been instrumental in dividing.

MUCH of the rigidity of American Official Life No. 1 had been caused by a belief that we should not change our position simply because the Soviets were in trouble. That position had been so static that the State Department still had not gotten around to installing a new Assistant Secretary for European Affairs, even though the last one, Livingston Merchant, had moved on to a foreign post all of seven months ago. The U.S. Information Agency, on inquiring of the planners at the State Department early in December what policy it should follow in case an uprising such as that in Hungary broke out in satellite East Germany, got the answer that no policy for that particular contingency had been devised.

But by mid-December the thinkers were suddenly being propelled into motion. On the sixteenth, the New York *Times* carried a front-page Washington story ominously suggesting that because of the recent ferment in satellite countries, East Germany might become the scene of the next eruption, and that a blow-up there might well arouse such stirrings in the neighboring West as to tempt the Soviets to go to war. The conclusion was obvious: If East Germany was not to set the world aflame, better try now to pull away and forestall a fire. The British government, coming up with its own Radford-type plan, took occasion to say that it was thinking it might have to slash its forces in Germany by half in the interest of economy and because of pressures in the Middle East. Evidently, pressures were accumulating to persuade us to consider going over to Official Life No. 2—the Stassen Life.

A Softening-Up in Bonn

Meanwhile, what about the pressures in West Germany—the republic we had been instrumental in setting up as our own Siegfried Line against the East, to be manned by the Teutonic legions Chancellor Adenauer had promised he could raise? The legions, of course, were not yet in existence. The ambitious 1951 plan of mounting twelve German divisions for integration into the European Defense Community had dwindled to a hope that Bonn might be able to set up six by the end of 1957. Inside Germany, the shock of the Hungarian uprising was arousing a greater enthusiasm for rearmament among many who had been lukewarm to it, but newspapers also reported that others who had been dead set against it were now even more opposed than ever, fearing an outright collision. The aged Chancellor, for his part, was acting as if his mythical six divisions were actually in existence, and was maintaining his intransigence against all dealings beyond his eastern borders.

"Officially," an influential German in Washington remarked to this reporter, "we can't budge. You know where the Old Man stands. No compromises, no negotiations, no border talks. We are just as rigid as you. But unofficially, things look somewhat different." He smiled.

LAST SUMMER many Germans had been surprised and shocked by a suggestion made by John J. McCloy, the former United States High Commissioner at Bonn, in the course of a preface he contributed to a book by Henry L. Roberts, published by Harper for the Council on Foreign Relations under the title *Russia and America: Dangers and Prospects*. In a passage evidently intended particularly for German

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cars he had argued that if the Germans wanted to ensure peace in Europe, it might be a good idea for them to relinquish some of their old eastern border claims in order to rid the Poles and Czechs especially, and the Soviets behind them, of fears of a reunited Reich. This, coming from a stalwart friend of Dr. Adenauer and Bonn, was a startling departure from the no-concessions policy McCloy himself had represented there and on which the Chancellor stood. It sounded like an American softening while the Bonn régime remained adamant against change.

YET by mid-December there were indications of a softening below the surface in the Chancellor's own house. On the fourteenth Adenauer's own Foreign Minister and presumed successor in party command, Heinrich von Brentano, remarked to an American correspondent on returning from the Paris NATO meetings that he felt sure his government could soon work out a compromise deal in border matters with Communist Poland—a subject hitherto *verboten* by order of his own chief. Three days later a significant policy story was put out in the *Politisch-Soziale Korrespondenz,* the political news service of Adenauer's own party, and circulated officially by Bonn to all German embassies abroad. The article suggested that the West German government, while keeping the eastern border issue in abeyance for the moment, was openly entering discussions with Warsaw for a renunciation of the use of armed force, after which the border issue might be taken up on a "realistic basis."

"Officially, of course, you understand there are no present contacts between Bonn and Warsaw, as has been rumored," commented a German observer in Washington. "But on the other hand—well, the fact is that we are in the midst of a softening-up process." He paused and pointed at the morning newspapers. "Just as you are."

Meanwhile visiting Germans not bound to observe official discretion were shuttling about governmental Washington and buttonholing key journalists to promote the line that now was the time for a sweeping realignment of Germany's position, involving the country's reunification on a basis of neutralization, abandonment of NATO, and compromise with the Soviet East.

Mr. Dulles's Theory of Evolution

Secretary Dulles, for his part, had just returned from Paris and on the eighteenth held a press conference of unusual significance. While some of his phrases appeared to close doors on the Soviets, others appeared to open them—particularly on the subject of a security settlement in and around Germany.

He began by saying flatly that "there is no plan" for reducing America's military strength in Europe. So much for Mr. Stassen. But then, repeating this, he added that no such plan was "now in contemplation"—which could be read with emphasis on the word "now." What he then went on to say seemed to lend support to those who were wondering whether a major reconsideration of American policy in Europe might not be in the offing. Replying to a question on the chances of European settlement, he remarked that if the Soviet satellites "took such a turn that they became genuinely independent nations, . . . that would justify a general review of the situation." We were trying, he said, to facilitate the evolution of the satellites toward just that. (In other words, not to "liberate" them but to let them go on having Communism inside their own national borders, if they chose, just so long as they were free of Kremlin duress.)

He went further and reminded his listeners that he had recently remarked, "We have no desire whatever that the Soviet Union shall be surrounded by unfriendly countries," meaning countries unfriendly to it. (So much for "rollback.") Possibly the satellites could be "neutralized." And if this condition of independence became a fact (as indeed in Poland, a listener could argue, it was at the moment becoming), we would be against continuing a situation "which presupposes a line drawn through Germany and which implies the continued partition of Germany."

In short, if the Soviets will relax their grip over their satellites, we'll be ready to talk about relaxing our whole position in Europe, and particularly with respect to Germany. This much anyone fired by the hope of an early settlement in Europe could read into the Secretary's remarks. Those reluctant to be so swept up, on the other hand, could cling to its escape clause, whose substance was, We won't budge unless the Soviets do so first—the suggestion being that maybe they won't.

BUT AT LEAST, amid subterranean pressures arising from many sides, Secretary Dulles has now stated a new pair of alternatives long kept beneath the surface. Simply to state them involves a modification of our previous posture. Our marriage was to NATO, to West Germany as our advanced bastion, and to Dr. Adenauer as our front-line Nibelungen leader clothed in a magic helmet. Any relaxation of this position was considered as virtual treason to the alliance and to freedom's cause. But now, the operative issue before us has been transferred from that of the basic question of "Yes" or "No" to the tactical one of who is to take the initiative in crying "Yea, yea!" first—in short, to a matter of timing.

We are in effect saying to eastern Europe and to West Germany what up to a few weeks ago the Republican Administration, no less than its Democratic predecessor, was reluctant to say to us: that Communism is a negotiable quantity so long as it restricts itself to national forms as against threatening international ones. But as long as three winters ago the National Security Council accepted in the privacy of its sessions the idea that we could not rely on a frontal "liberation" policy to serve us in Europe short of war. We would do better, it was agreed, to encourage the local leaders of Communized east European states gradually to "evolve" away from their Kremlin masters.

This weaning-away program was long concealed from public knowledge, lest the then regnant Senator McCarthy and his cohorts get wind of it and blow it sky high as just so much appeasement. It was concealed even from our officials at Bonn, who were left to go assiduously cultivating Dr. Adenauer in his role of subsidized Wagnerian hero out to slay the eastern dragon.

The eagerness Secretary Dulles

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showed in 1955 to conciliate Marshal Tito at their Brioni meetings was perhaps the first indication of this double life of ours in Europe, and it was followed by the Administration's anxiety to go on supplying Tito with aid even after he had been promised Soviet fighter planes. But it has been fully indicated to the home public and to the world only since the Hungarian uprising, which was not gradual at all but so unpredicted and sweeping as to force us to discard not only our evolutionary timetable but our official equivocation in regard to it.

How does all this square with our standing policies toward Chancellor Adenauer, our first line of defense in central Europe? The answer is that it doesn't. Any American willingness to compromise over central Europe, provided it goes "independent," signifies a willingness to compromise over the position of Dr. Adenauer, whose chief working capital, apart from American aid, lies in a continuation of the cold war. The only question is how and when it is to be done.

If we say we are now willing to deal for a general settlement covering the still Communized republics to the east of him, just so long as they do not take orders from Moscow, where does that leave us when we come to East Germany? "What must East Germany do in order to prove itself 'independent'?" asks a German in Washington. "You, together with Dr. Adenauer, have demanded over the years that before our country can be unified, there must be 'free elections' in its Communist Zone. Yet you don't demand free elections in Yugoslavia and Poland as a prerequisite for dealing with them as independent 'national Communist' states."

Who's to Take the Initiative?

As if to confirm this, a ranking official of our own in Washington told me recently: "As for Hungary, all we need now is for Moscow to take the initiative and broaden the base of Premier Kadar's government and pull back its troops—something we think it may be in a mind to do, in view of the hatred aroused by what has happened. Then—but mind you, not before then—we feel we can talk about a European settlement as a whole."

"But who's to take the initiative?" I asked.

"Frankly, there's the rub." The man scratched his head. "That's what's causing us some trouble—and I don't mind telling you there are pretty sharp disagreements about this upstairs. First, there's this general question: If we really have the Russians over a barrel—and most of us agree we do—then is it wise for us just now to jump in to help them out of their predicament? Or is it true that when you find an enemy in trouble, it is more politic to smooth the way for him to agree to a general retreat?"

"Getting back to Germany, that might mean . . . ?"

"Between us, we're not clear what the Secretary *does* mean when he implies that we might be willing to negotiate over Germany as a whole once the eastern satellites are free. Once they are free, of course, the problem would arise of what Moscow is to do with the twenty divisions or so it maintains in East Germany—an excruciating decision if the Soviet lifelines that have been maintaining them through Poland and Czechoslovakia begin to break down. Such a situation might only force the Soviets to assert themselves to the limit in what they would call their own defense. In other words, some of us don't see how the problem of pacification can be solved without first resolving that of Germany itself. But you see how it is. We *can't* do much about changing the status of Germany so long as we have Adenauer—and the orders are to try to help him through his next elections."

Critics of our German policy hold that we did unwisely from the start in anchoring our European defense to a West German splinter republic invested at once with full sovereignty, an aging Strong Man, and a long-term mortgage called remilitarization. They say it led inevitably to an East German counterpart commanded by captives such as Messrs. Ulbricht and Grotewohl and secured by a highly drilled new *Volkspolizei*. A sharp saying runs among nonconformists in Germany itself, mindful of the now vanished backing they once had of the Catholic coalition of Italy's De Gasperi and France's Schuman, to the effect that "Bonn was conceived in the Vatican and born in Washington."

Perhaps it is now on the point of slowly dying where it was born—in Washington—although little can be publicly done to speed the process. "This is our dilemma," I was told at the State Department. "We've got to wait until the old Chancellor's elections next September. He may lose them. But, officially, he must be supported. After all, he was our first 'good' German and we've stuck faithfully to him all along."

"Suppose he does lose," I said. "There are so many changes going on under the surface there already that do you think the Germans might come up with a coalition and what we'd call a bipartisan foreign policy?"

"We don't choose to think about that yet," he said.

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North Africa: The Price of Independence

EDMOND TAYLOR

Children who are really hungry are not usually very bold. The scrawny Arab waif with the eyes of some untamable little desert animal who sneaked into the French restaurant in Tunis where I was eating lunch seemed an exception, however. He was wearing a tattered miniature khaki burnoose cut from a surplus army blanket, a common garment in recent years among the nomads of the drought-stricken southern steppe in Tunisia, and he kept slipping back to beg every time the waiter chased him away, though I had already given him some coins. Finally, he snatched off my plate the head and backbone of the fish I had just eaten and scuttled out of the restaurant, waving them aloft like a pennon of victory. What I remember most vividly was the look on the little boy's face, which lit up as he fled, not just with pride and delight, but with a kind of moral glow.

Thief with Honor

The key to this bizarre manifestation turned up the next day when I accompanied a Tunisian government official on a tour of the mud-and-wattle *bidonville* thrown together in the wasteland on the edge of the city by migrating Bedouins whom the relentless march of the desert had forced off their ancestral pasturages. The main squatters' colony covered the mud flats around a pitchy lake cankered with floating green scum. The living standards of the uprooted nomads trapped in this suburban slum were indicated by an open-air market where it is possible to buy a single used shoelace, and where I saw secondhand, badly worn toothbrushes laid out in the dust for sale—ambivalent symbols of civilization's lure on the edge of darkness. There was also a kind of bakery shop—a wicker basket filled with bread crusts salvaged out of garbage cans and from restaurant plates, priced according to size and condition.

That, it struck me, was the clue to the waif in the khaki burnoose. In the *bidonville's* economic system, where moldy crusts are a staple commodity, it would be wickedly selfish for a child to gorge himself on a whole fresh fishbone, strength and flavor enough for an entire family's soup cauldron, and my juvenile marauder was not a wicked child. He had run away with the tempting prize held as high above his head as he could reach, instead of crunching it then and there between his glistening wolf-cub teeth. It was not a passion of greed that had emboldened him, but a passion for sharing. He was a young provider—a proud beggar and an honored thief.

"I suppose you're right," said the official who guided me through the *bidonville*, one of the government's top economic planners, when I explained my theory about the boy and the fishbone to him. "Frankly, I had no idea that such conditions existed here."

The incident seems a pertinent human footnote to the complex economic and social crisis that underlies much of the revolutionary turmoil throughout all North Africa, but it requires interpretation. Last June, at the time of my visit, Tunisia was on the verge of famine—tree-bark and dry-grass famine, not just the fishbone kind. That, however, was a local and temporary sawtooth in the chronic North African fever chart produced by a succession of seven lean years, complete with drought and plagues of locusts, which had fallen on the land while largely sparing Tunisia's neighbors.

Since then, heavy autumn rains have broken the drought, saving much of this year's olive harvest, and shipments of U.S. surplus grain have helped avert mass starvation. But the basic, malignant disequilibrium in the area's human ecology, of which the Tunisian near famine was a passing symptom, remains uncorrected. This disequilibrium, one of the familiar determinants of political extremism in many undeveloped regions of the world, is evident nearly everywhere throughout North Africa, from the Red Sea to the Atlantic. It is most acute, however, in Algeria, whose civil war, besides serving as pretext for a windy propaganda duel in the U.N. General Assembly, is dramatically speeding up cultural and economic erosion.

A Malignant Natality

The problem has several facets. The main one is the ratio between population growth and economic development. The people are more fertile than the land. Every year in all the North African countries there are thousands of new mouths to feed and not that much more food to put in them. Even when one takes into account the other products of a man's labor that ultimately can be converted into food, such as mineral output and industrial production, the North African economies, with the possible exception of Morocco's, are not expanding fast enough to meet the needs of the expanding population. Barring some major new technological breakthrough, like cheap energy straight from the sun, it does not seem likely that they ever can.

Compared with North Africa, such notable examples of exuberant fecundity as India, Guatemala, Japan, and Italy appear tame. Egypt has long been cited by demographers as a truly spectacular case of fertility run wild, and the Moslem communities in Tunisia, Algeria, and Morocco are in the same class. Tunisia, which had an estimated population of 3,680,000 in 1954, has doubled its numbers in the last sixty-five years and the rate of increase is climbing steeply. Whereas India's population grows about twelve per cent every decade, Tunisia's jumped twenty-five per cent in the last ten years. Algeria is a still more outstanding case of malignant natality. According to recent authoritative French estimates, the annual rate of increase of the Moslem community in Algeria now approximates three per cent per annum and is believed to be gaining momentum. Morocco is thought to be not far behind, but the statistics are a little vague. If the

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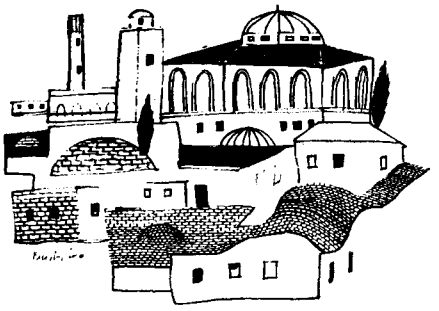
present rate of increase continues, all three countries will easily double their populations within the next thirty-five years.

THE IMPACT of such heavy population pressure on the land is already tragically apparent in North Africa. Except in favored parts of Morocco, hunger has become the master colonist whom no revolt can budge. Agricultural production per capita has declined even in Algeria since 1871. At that time the three Algerian *départments*, with a total population of 2,400,000, had about 2,450,000 hectares—more than six million acres—planted to various cereals, yielding an annual average of some five quintals (more than a thousand pounds) of grain per head. At the outbreak of war in 1939 the planted area had risen to 3,200,000 hectares and improved agricultural methods had greatly raised output per hectare, but the population had jumped to 7,000,000 (it is now officially given as about 9,500,000 but is probably well over 10,000,000), and production per capita had fallen to 2.4 quintals. "In this country progress used to mean running fast enough to stand still," a recently mobilized French officer in Algeria remarked to me. "Now it just means falling back more slowly."

Later and more reliable figures from Tunisia, published in 1955 by the Tunisian Statistical Service, reveal a comparable if slightly less dramatic curve. Between 1935 and 1954 over-all agricultural production in Tunisia increased by twenty-five per cent. During about the same period the population increased by one million—close to fifty per cent. As in Algeria and Morocco, industrial development narrowed the gap but came nowhere near closing it.

Fishbones and Calorie Charts

From the viewpoint of human misery and decay, the unclosed gap between population and production in North Africa is fairly accurately reflected in the nightmarish *bidonville* outside Tunis that I visited, in the lean mountain villages of the Algerian hinterland where I watched the French Army making an honest but probably foredoomed attempt at pacification (without quotation marks around the word), and in the



festering Old Medina of Casablanca, aboil with the fermentation of intricate ingrown hatreds.

"Two-thirds of the population in Tunisia has to live on less than fifteen hundred calories a day," an indignant young expert of the Tunisian government told me. "That's the amount doctors in the United States prescribe as a stiff reducing diet."

A less dramatic and possibly more authoritative French estimate, published by the Tunisian Statistical Service in 1955 before full independence, claims that the dietary average in Tunisia is around 2,700 calories, but admits that thirty-six per cent of the Moslem population gets less than 2,400 calories and therefore can be considered as suffering from some degree of "denutrition." The study does not attempt to calculate just how much less than 2,400 calories the thirty-six per cent average. It is hard to count the calories in a fishbone.

An investigation among the rural Moslem community in Algeria conducted by the United Nations Food and Agricultural Organization puts the average daily intake at 1,443 calories. This estimate is so close to the starvation line that it probably fails to take into account the birds, snakes, insects, roots, and other wild foods with which many North Africans supplement their more formal rations.

Desert on the March

Among the factors aggravating the immediate problem of hunger in North Africa is soil erosion, the classic accompaniment of overpopulation. Semitropical downpours scour the flanks of the steep mountain ranges during the brief rainy season, and searing winds from the Sahara or the violent northerly gales that sweep across the Mediterranean in the fall and winter blow away millions of tons of precious topsoil every year.

The French, whatever their neglect of human problems, have generally pursued enlightened conservation policies in North Africa, but the annual soil deficit in Algeria—the difference between the arable area totally lost to cultivation through erosion and the area restored to use through land-reclamation projects—amounted to nearly 100,000 acres of good land. That was before the nationalist rebellion broke out. What has happened since then to soil conservation programs in the remote Algerian regions that needed it most can easily be imagined.

In Morocco the widespread lawlessness that has prevailed since independence was established has driven away the European guards and foresters who protected the admirable system of state forests the French had erected during the protectorate. On the day that independence was declared, a United States official in Morocco told me, young nationalist fanatics cut down fifty thousand newly planted trees in a forest reserve near Rabat. Such extremes of self-destroying hatred are rare, even in North Africa, but neglect of long-range and nonpolitical problems like soil conservation is widespread. It needs only a few years of neglect for the nomad goats, which throughout the ages have devastated the Near East and helped bring the Sahara to the shores of the Mediterranean in Libya, to gnaw away all the forests the French have planted in the last century.

IN TUNISIA, where the French unwisely neglected the south to concentrate on development and conservation projects in the well-watered north, Habib Bourguiba's government is desperately struggling to stem the inexorable onward march of the desert—which is moving north and west at no mere geological pace. I got a realization of this for myself when I motored south from Tunis through what I had remembered from a trip eighteen years ago as a rich-looking countryside of olive groves, vineyards, and well-carpeted pastures. This time the whole landscape looked stark and bare; it hardly seemed possible that the recent

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drought which had shriveled the olive groves and scorched the pastures had made all that difference. The official guide from the Tunisian Ministry of Information assured me that it had not.

"Thirty years ago Kairouan [the ancient holy city in central Tunisia] was surrounded by good farmland," he said. "Today it is on the edge of the desert and it is a job to keep the sand from piling up in the streets."

All along the main highway leading up from the starving south we passed Bedouin families—gaunt gray-bearded patriarchs draped in burlap sacks or tattered army blankets, haggard-looking women in faded blue or russet homespun, ragged little children—plodding northward in the dust alongside their scrawny camels or overladen donkeys. These people, descendants of the barbarians whose incessant incursions heralded the downfall first of Roman and then of Byzantine power on the North African littoral, were retreating not merely from last year's drought but before the long-range encroachment of the desert upon the pre-Saharan steppe, where year after year their wasting flocks were finding less and less to eat. Their pitiful and ominous exodus, inevitably terminating in the *bidonvilles* that ring all the main North African cities from Tunis to Casablanca, illustrates the operation of a qualitative factor in the developing crisis of civilization there which is almost as basic as the population-production ratio.

The Nomads Come to Town

Due in part to the decay of the land, in part to social and cultural factors—the fragmentation of farm holdings, for example, as they are increasingly subdivided among families—the trend away from the country to the big cities which is evident throughout most of the world is especially pronounced in North Africa. Local catastrophes like the drought in Tunisia produce a dramatic spurt in the migratory trend, but it goes on all over the area, year in and year out, confronting the major municipalities with health, security, and other administrative headaches that dwarf New York's Puerto Rican problem. Tunis, for example, has grown in ten years from a city of four hundred thousand to a sprawling metropolis of more than a million, with more than half of the increase due to immigration from the countryside.

Many of the new city dwellers in North Africa, and especially in Tunisia and Morocco, were pastoral nomads who, whatever their virtues, are barbarians in the strict sense of the term. Even when the denizens of the *bidonvilles* and the older slums like Algiers's famous Casbah are recruited from the landless peasantry of the settled and peaceable countryside, they seldom possess the minimal prerequisite for modern urban living—ability to read and write. In North Africa, as in many other undeveloped areas, urbanization has outstripped the spread of literacy. Or rather, it has paced the decline of literacy. For in North Africa—again as in other undeveloped areas—the number of illiterates, and even the percentage of illiterates in the general population, is growing year by year.

Illiteracy in the Quicksands

In Algeria, according to an official French propaganda bulletin, the proportion of Moslem children of school age actually in school is not a mere eight per cent, as the Arab nationalists have been claiming, but nearly twenty per cent. Of the 1,900,000 Moslem children between six and fourteen years of age, the bulletin maintains that 300,000 are going to school. That leaves 1,600,000 future Algerian citizens to grow up as illiterates, against 300,000 who will be able to read and write. This, of course is an arithmetical oversimplification, but the various qualifications that could be introduced would probably tend to cancel out.

As part of the large-scale program of economic development and social reform with which the French are trying to combat extremist forms of Algerian nationalism, the school system in Algeria is to be expanded until by 1965 some 850,000 young Moslems will be receiving an education. Taking into account the estimated increase in the school-age population, that will still leave 1,600,000 children to remain illiterate—the same figure as today.

Prospects for reducing illiteracy in independent Tunisia and Morocco seem about as dark, for the same reasons. The one advantage the two former protectorates have over Algeria, where the struggle for independence is still raging, is that their educational authorities do not have to cope with sabotage as well as overfecundity. In Algeria the French chances of achieving their own goals in the fight against illiteracy are seriously compromised by the nationalist campaign of intimidation, which has already led to the sabotage of more than two hundred schools—most of them burned down—and to the school boycott decreed a few months ago, which threatens the parents of any Moslem children attending French-controlled schools with the customary throat slitting.

Immaturity and Unemployment

Along with hunger, illiteracy, and the conversion of steppe barbarians into slum barbarians, two other factors are contributing to build up in the North African cities the inflammable urban mobs that are the favorite prey of nationalist or Communist demagogues throughout the Arab world. One is simply immaturity. Due to the high birth rate in Tunisia, half the population is now less than twenty years old. The age pyramid is similar in other North African countries, including Egypt.

The other extra factor of instability is unemployment. Even if the general economy were expanding more rapidly than it is in North Africa, the local saturations of unskilled labor in the big cities would cause extensive unemployment—as they do among the Algerian colonies in Paris and other French cities. In North Africa the problem is both broader and more acute. In Tunisia, for example, informed estimates of the numbers of unemployed run from 400,000 to 700,000—the figure given me by an economic expert attached to Prime Minister Bourguiba's office—out of a total population, including women and children, of some 3,600,000.

'After School, I Beg . . .'

In the face of such appalling background conditions, the western visitor to any North African slum expects to encounter nightmare figures. The poverty, the sores, the flies, the external filth are nightmarish enough. What makes them tragic

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rather than merely squalid is the humanity and basic decency of the people who have to live amidst them—the heroism of daily life involved in the struggle that so many of these slum dwellers make to preserve or attain the standards of civilization. Just trying to keep a mud hovel clean under the conditions of life that exist in a North African *bidonville* is a major achievement, and many of the living quarters I inspected in the one in Tunis were astonishingly neat and clean.

"What do you do?" I asked a twenty-year-old high-school student who with his wife and three children occupied a tiny dirt-floored mud hut. "I go to school in the morning," he answered. "Then in the afternoon I go to the French Quarter and beg. I speak a little French, so I make enough to keep my family alive."

"My uncle's got a job," a ten-year-old boy explained to my interpreter. "Next year he's going to send me to school."

"Ask him why not this year," I instructed the interpreter.

The explanation was more than adequate. The uncle, it seemed, was supporting five children of his own and six of his brother's on a dock worker's pay, and the money for schoolbooks and the western clothes without which a boy could not hold up his head in school had to be saved franc by franc.

In the course of the tour the government official who went with me pointed out a crone in filthy Bedouin rags, with the traditional blue tattoo mark on her forehead, escorting three neatly dressed children with schoolbooks under their arms. She explained that they were her grandchildren and that she was taking them to school en route to her daily begging round.

One grown man proudly announced that he was attending an adult literacy class organized by the *bidonville* chapter of the UGTT, the powerful central labor organization in Tunisia, to which he belonged through his membership in the Union of Unemployed. He was the only case of the sort I encountered in Tunisia. Both the UGTT and the Neo-Destour, the monolithic political organization controlled by that benevolent dictator Habib Bourguiba, occasionally organized literacy groups, I was told, but their desultory activity in this domain contrasted vividly with the intensive political indoctrination which they carried on systematically in every precinct, village, or township throughout the country. Though the Tunisian national revolution under Bourguiba's leadership is in many ways an extraordinarily enlightened

one, it is not marked by the passion for learning that launched the Mexican literacy campaigns under the leadership of President Lázaro Cárdenas.

'Women's Work' Is Never Done

The passion for social welfare and moral uplift that marked the Indian national revolution under Gandhi is likewise conspicuous by its absence in Tunisia. (The less said on this score about feudal Morocco and war-torn Algeria, the better.) Welfare is an important function of the Moslem religion itself, but in Tunisia there are almost no purely volunteer welfare programs—other than those organized by the French for distributing clothes and hot meals to the unemployed, or for teaching elementary hygiene to slum dwellers.

"Those are women's activities, mainly," a high Tunisian labor official informed me somewhat loftily, "and our women aren't yet sufficiently used to emancipation to feel at home in that sort of work."

Disregarding the really basic problems while pursuing pie-in-the-sky dreams of economic development—of which Nasser's Aswan High Dam is one example—is a weakness of the nationalist elites in many undeveloped countries, but nowhere is the weakness more glaring than in North Africa. One U.S. official in Tunisia was recently approached by local leaders who suggested that the United States turn over a couple of Constellations to them to serve as the nucleus of a Tunisian international airline, which few observers would list as one of the country's most urgent needs. When the American asked if the Tunisians had the trained personnel to operate a major airline, the breezy answer was, "No, but you could send along some training teams with the planes."

Even practical and vitally needed development projects like those developed by the Tunisian Ministry of Agriculture for checking the advance of the desert in the south do not meet the whole problem. Whatever economic benefits they produce are likely to be nullified, in the time that it takes to complete them, by the increase in the number of mouths to be fed. And all too often, sound programs of social or economic development are thwarted by acts of political fanaticism—like the nationalist attacks on Moslem schools in Algeria or the sabotage of the new land-reform program in Algeria that is designed to cure one of the worst evils of French colonialism in North Africa. Such acts deprive future generations of their chance, and thus breed new, more fanatical rebels.

Bolder political reforms are undoubtedly needed in Algeria, but no purely political solution, whether it is independence or federalism, can solve the underlying problems that threaten Algerian freedom tomorrow as much as they threaten French rule today. The Algerian crisis is not essentially a political one and it is not purely Algerian. It is part of the crisis of civilization in North Africa. Revolutionary nationalism is a symptom rather than a cause, and freedom for the North Africa peoples a potential victim rather than a goal.

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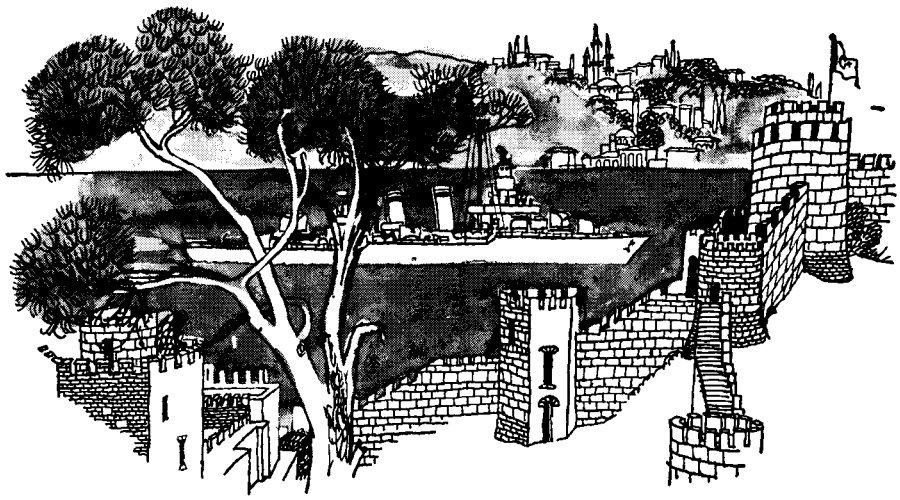

Turkey: Between the Hammer And the Anvil

FRANK GERVASI

ANKARA

The parade characteristics of an army are hardly a yardstick of combat competence. But even professionals were visibly impressed by what they saw on the dusty midtown hippodrome of this dusty mid-country capital on the thirty-third anniversary of the Turkish Republic. They nodded approvingly at the smoothness with which infantry, horse cavalry, motorized troops, artillery, anti-tank batteries, mobile anti-aircraft units, tanks, ambulances, and fire-fighting equipment flowed past applauding thousands of Anatolian peasants and city folk in the stands.

The Turks are not renowned as organizers, but everything moved with stop-watch precision. The parade began on the stroke of noon and ended on the dot at 2:15, with a perfectly timed rush of Sabre Jets over the field. The turrets of armored cars and tanks turned in unison at the appropriate moment to salute President Celâl Bayar, who, like everyone else in the main grandstand but a handful of foreign attachés and generals, wore white tie and tails. There were no speeches, no cheers, no flag waving, only salvos of handclapping in the polite Turkish fashion, hands held high over the head. Nothing suggested belligerency, ultranationalism, or chauvinism. There were, instead, dignity and a palpable resolution.

The marching men wore British-type battle dress and British-style helmets. But everything else they rode (except the horses) or carried (except the flags) was of U.S. origin, part of the billion-dollar inventory of defense items furnished to Turkey since the Truman Doctrine went into effect in 1947.

Since then the Turks have built, with American help, a numerically formidable fighting force of some 400,000 effectives. Gallipoli in the First World War and Korea of more recent memory have proved Turkish valor. Moreover, no one doubts that the Turks will fight if the Soviet Union or its Syrian friends should attack Turkey, any member of the Baghdad group, or any one of its NATO allies, including Greece.

THERE is another item, maybe the most important of all, in the arithmetic of Turkey's defense potential. Its people have something to fight for: new hospitals, schools, factories, roads, dams, irrigation facilities, and modern towns and villages of a society that approaches western standards more nearly than any other in this part of the world except Israel.

Nevertheless, responsible Turkish political leaders, their more alert American advisers, and Allied commanders, each for different reasons, are collectively grim. They know very well that Turkey is considerably less than the "Bastion of Western Strength" described in the propaganda handouts from Turks seeking more aid from Washington or from American agencies trying to justify some $450 million worth of aid already given.

Turkish politicians, including those representing Premier Adnan Menderes's all-powerful Democratic Party, are alive to the fact that their government owes foreign creditors the thumping sum of half a billion dollars. Dollar and gold reserves are virtually nonexistent, as are plans for curbing the country's wild inflation. If war came, there would be little money for oil, spare parts, wheat, and a multitude of other commodities, much less to keep afloat Menderes's commendable but probably overambitious program of industrialization, modernization, and social reform.

The Turkish lira is officially quoted at 2.80 to the dollar and the government recently set a special tourist rate of 5.25. But black-marketeers still offer eight or more.

Economic Gloom

Imports were being drastically reduced even before the November crisis, and the shops of Istanbul, Izmir, and Ankara were empty of refrigerators, vacuum cleaners, radios, toasters, electric heaters, rubber tires, and woolens. Auto imports were stopped more than a year ago. Coffee, the indispensable catalyst of business and social contact, has been rationed for months. Gasoline rationing began the moment Turkey's Syrian neighbor blew the pipelines coming from Iraq.

At the end of November the Turks talked bravely of "austerity," looked to their newborn small industries to manufacture many of the things they formerly imported, and hoped Washington would "understand" their plight and come through with additional economic assistance. Two years ago Ambassador Avra Warren (not to be confused with the present Fletcher Warren) led them to believe that they could have $300

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million if they asked politely. But when Menderes went to Washington he was turned down cold. He was told to pay more attention to "sound financial practices" and less to "social reform."

The Menderes Record

Menderes remains unshaken in his conviction, however, that Turkey's real strength lies in its rapid industrial, economic, and social development. That his own political future depends on the degree of that development is self-evident.

Much of the progress has come in the last five years. Only Menderes's arbitrary and, to westerners, completely incomprehensible repression of freedom of speech and press mars his record.

It was this reporter's impression that the black-haired, energetic Premier wished he had never used his overwhelming majority in Parliament to put through those laws. But to repeal them, he feels, would be a sign of weakness and a politically costly loss of face.

Plainly, Turkey's economic difficulties, great though they may be, are not insoluble. Inflation has attacked but not destroyed the "bastion's" foundations. An able technician of the American economic mission in Ankara, one of those disinclined to write off the Turks as "poor administrators" and "bad bookkeepers," put it this way: "If we sat down around the conference table and had a good look at the problem, we could, Americans and Turks together, figure out lasting solutions. It's no good for the Turks to say they want half a billion dollars or so with no strings attached and for us to say 'No' in shocked surprise. There's a lot at stake here. This is the keystone of the West's defenses in the Middle East. If it goes, the whole thing goes. We can't afford that and neither can the Turks."

The Frustrated Generals

To this, NATO commanders in Izmir say "Amen." None are as aware as they of the strategic importance of Turkey in the western defense system, and a more worried, frustrated lot of air and land generals would be difficult to find anywhere. They were unanimously more charitable about Turkish economic techniques —"They're growing fast, they're bound to make mistakes"—and more critical than the Turks themselves of Washington's tight-purse policies, particularly in the matter of military aid.

There is, for instance, the question of spare parts. The Turkish Army would have, with the Greeks, the task in any war with the Soviet Union of defending the Straits, Thrace, Salonika, and eastern Turkey simultaneously. Rapid movement would be one of the main essentials of a successful defense. The Turkish NATO force has plenty of trucks, jeeps, and other vehicles. But they are nearly all of discontinued designs. Stocks of parts to keep them going are practically nonexistent here or in the United States.

For at least two years, commanders here begged Washington to finance shops for manufacturing spare parts. It was pointed out that such factories would train mechanics and machinists who would contribute greatly to the development of the Turkish economy when they left military service. Nothing happened. The Turkish military transport system could grind to a halt in a matter of days under actual battle conditions.

Security considerations forbid a full discussion of the deficiencies of Turkish NATO defenses in this key square of the strategic chessboard. They range from insufficient training facilities and gaps in the communications system behind the advance radar warning network to obsolete equipment. Some of the F-84-G jet fighters in Turkey's NATO formations were used in Germany and Italy before they came here. They have a 30,000-foot ceiling. If the warning system signaled an enemy attack at 40,000 or 50,000 feet—and the Soviets have bombers and fighters capable of such altitudes—the defenders could not even approach it.

A billion dollars' worth of weapons looks like a lot of defensive hardware, but not when the arms involved were obsolete to begin with and charged off the books at factory prices plus freight. Turkey, however, does have fairly modern tanks—several hundred of them.

Despite obvious military weaknesses—deficiencies that are certainly not unknown to the Russian general staff—any Soviet sally in the direction of Turkey, Allied officers said, would prove "very expensive indeed." In fact, they expressed doubt that the enemy would "waste its energies" on the mountainous Turkish land mass but would concentrate on the Dardanelles. Here the U.S. Sixth Fleet, with its presumable atomic potential, would come into play if what is now referred to as merely "trouble in the Middle East" should become a third world war.

Kremlin Moves

Given the Kremlin's compulsion to prove that Communism, not capitalism, is the way to peace and prosperity, the Turks reason that the Middle East long ago became a primary objective. The area holds in its subsoil upward of seventy per cent of the world's known petroleum deposits. It provides western Europe with some eighty per cent of the oil that powers its industries and its transportation system. Obviously, to deprive the Continent and Britain of oil would be to pull the props out from under the European economy, create strains and stresses within the western alliance, and advance the Kremlin's grand design for world power.

To that end, Moscow, soon after Stalin's death in 1953, launched a formidable propaganda campaign centered in Tashkent, the capital of Uzbek. Powerful transmitters daily beamed their message in Arabic, Turkish, Persian, Kurdish, Urdu for Pakistan, and Pashto for Afghanistan. No "disarmament" proposals went out over those broadcasts, no talk of "peaceful coexistence." They spoke a language that Arabs particularly, and Moslem countries generally, respect above all others: that of power.

The Turks monitored the broadcasts with their limited facilities and gritted their teeth. They watched the Soviets assume the role of protectors of Islam, unchallenged by the West. Only Britain, and to a lesser degree France, seemed fully to understand the enormity of the peril to the West.

The Turks saw the Soviet impresarios of world conquest woo in turn Afghanistan, Egypt, Syria, and India.

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The Russians built a couple of shiny grain silos for Kabul. The Turks wondered that Washington would permit this vital salient in the West's frontier with Soviet power to fall when $100 million in loans and grants would have saved it. They sympathized with America's refusal to be blackmailed into building Nasser the Aswan High Dam, but not with Washington's objections to Anglo-French plans to use force when the Egyptian dicator nationalized Suez.

"That," more than one Turkish source declared, "was the time to hit Nasser," whom one Turkish diplomat described as "a little man standing in the blinding light of Soviet power and casting a shadow that reaches from Cairo to Kabul."

What Ankara regarded as the most ominous aspect of Soviet Mediterranean policy, however, was its calculated exploitation of Arab-Israeli antagonisms by arming the former against the latter. There was dismay here at Washington's acceptance of the Egyptian dictator's assurances that Soviet-financed weapons would never be used against the Jewish state.

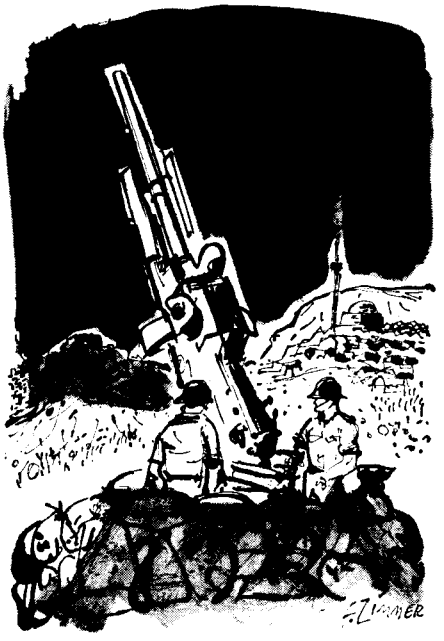
Moscow did not care a hoot about Nasser's pan-Arabism or about injustices suffered by the Arabs displaced by the Israelis. The Kremlin, Ankara saw, was far less interested in Arab aspirations than it was in planting tactical time bombs under western interests and influence in the Mediterranean, to be exploded whenever Communism's strategic timetable so required.

The Baghdad Pact

Ankara's answer was the Baghdad Pact. It began in February, 1955, as a Turco-Iraqi bilateral mutual-assistance agreement to "preserve the peace of the Middle East from internal or external aggression." Britain, anxious to reassert its waning power, joined on April 4. Pakistan signed several months later and Iran in October. The United States was content to remain an interested bystander, limiting its participation to membership on the Pact's economic committee.

Moscow, of course, screamed its objections over the Tashkent radio and formally accused Iran of participating in a western colonialist-imperialist plot to attack the Soviet Union. Nasser fumed. Baghdad threatened to rob him of his self-appointed role as Führer of the Arab world.

American diffidence toward the Baghdad Pact was ostensibly attributable to Israeli fears that the alliance would help arm the Arabs against them. Such objections could easily have been overcome, the Turks say, by selling the Jews such arms as they needed. The real reason for Washington's reluctance to support the Pact, however, probably lay in incomprehension of, or confusion



about, the true extent of the dangers inherent in Soviet penetration of the Middle East and the Mediterranean, plus perhaps an unwillingness to assume the responsibilities involved in filling the vacuum created by the decline in British power and prestige in the postwar decade.

One prominent Istanbul editor, a frequent visitor to the United States and an enthusiastic admirer of its power and prosperity, sharply criticized American policy, or lack thereof, in the critical years since the death of Stalin.

"It seems to me," he said, "that you more than anyone were lulled by Soviet talk about peaceful coexistence and democratization of Communism. You permitted the Soviets to establish footholds in Egypt and Syria. You failed to provide sufficient economic and military help to your friends of the Baghdad Pact and you allowed NATO to deteriorate. But what bothered us most here was the way you condoned—even encouraged—expulsion of Britain from the Arab Middle East and then backed up Nasser against the British and the French. America should never have held the British back when they wanted to use force against him for nationalizing Suez. And later it should have found some way to let the British and French finish the job they had undertaken before calling in the U.N."

Arms to Syria

Turkish attention, at the moment, centers on repairing the damage done the Baghdad Pact by the Anglo-French effort to topple Nasser and secure Suez by force. Most of the damage was felt in Iraq. Nuri es Saïd would not have mourned Nasser's elimination. But Iraq is an Arab country. It has its anti-Israeli, pro-Nasser fanatics. Nuri had a hard time staying in power and keeping his country in the Pact. That he succeeded was at least partly because of the support he got from Menderes. Syrian sabotage of the pipelines also helped.

The Soviet military build-up in Syria is not underrated here. Turkish intelligence is certain that not all of the MIGs (150, reportedly) now on Syrian airfields came from Egypt; they overflew Turkish territory under the radar barrier. There are reports, reliable enough to cause concern in the Turkish and NATO commands, of small submarines reaching Latakia from the Soviet base in Albania and of others moving through the Straits "barnacled" to the bottoms of Russian and Romanian freighters. At least 2,500 and possibly as many as 4,700 Soviet "technicians" are believed to be in Syria already. Shipments of weapons from Czech and Russian sources are said to be in far greater quantity than Syria's twenty-five-thousand-man army can possibly absorb.

It is difficult, the Turks admit, to separate fact from rumor in reports reaching Ankara about Soviet arms shipments to Syria. But enough is known to cause uneasiness. One school of thought here has it that

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Turkey, not Israel, would be the target should Moscow decide to unleash a Middle Eastern attack. Turkey has resisted Soviet offers of "friendship" in recent years as vigorously as in 1946 it rejected Moscow's demands for bases on the Straits. Moscow, according to exponents of this point of view—and they are not limited to the ranks of journalism's "western observers"—might want to soften up the Turks before renewing demands for bases on the Dardanelles.

Possession or control of the Dardanelles, which the Turks call Akdeniz-Boghazi, meaning "the Mediterranean Throat," is indispensable to Soviet strategy in that great sea. The Russians could, perhaps, successfully supply and maintain "volunteers" in Syria or elsewhere in the Middle East by air from Balkan and Crimean bases and by sea from Albania. But anything more serious than a limited war in the Middle East would require a firm Russian grip about the Throat.

THE TURKS feel that the world has not long to wait for a full disclosure of Soviet intentions. The moment that the Russians start reaching for the Throat, there can no longer be any doubt about them. The Straits were wholly entrusted to Turkey by the Treaty of Montreux in 1936. Russia was a signatory. But that was a weak Russia. Now it is the world's second biggest military power, possessing a powerful Black Sea fleet comprising at least a hundred submarines. Will this new, mighty Russia respect Montreux or denounce it? On the answer to that question—and the Turks believe it will soon be raised—peace depends.

There is uneasiness here, even anxiety. There is a sense of being caught between the hammer of Soviet power and the anvil of Syrian treachery. But there is no fear. The Turks long ago accepted as their inescapable destiny the responsibilities and perils of living in the path of Russian imperialism, old and new. They are determined to discharge their responsibilities. They hope that their western friends, particularly their American allies, will recognize the perils and move quickly to mitigate them.

Notes On NATO

NORA BELOFF

PARIS

THE WORLD has been in such a commotion since the 1955 annual meeting of the NATO Ministers that it would have been excessive to expect them to do more at their December 11-14 reunion than squeeze closer together and collectively wonder what on earth would happen next. That is about all they did.

The squeezing-together operation was timely enough after the bitter suspicions and savage recriminations of the Suez crisis. Doubtless the contribution of the "Three Wise Men" (the Foreign Ministers of Canada, Norway, and Italy) in recommending closer alliance was hardly as important in reviving Atlantic solidarity as the rude noises that came out of Moscow. Conference communiqués are rarely very informative, yet this time the official statement, "The Ministers drew from the experience of past divergences the confirmation of the necessity for all members to develop effective political consultation and co-operation," had the merit of being both important and true.

Cupboard Love?

The scene had already been set a couple of days before the Ministers arrived in a private meeting of the permanent NATO Council when a chastened Icelander explained that his country wished to withdraw its request to the United States to evacuate its Icelandic bases, a request originally emanating, he said, from overconfidence in the East-West *détente*.

Never since NATO was founded have the Europeans been so conscious of their need for the Americans. Speeches full of admonitions and even a fifty-minute sermon from John Foster Dulles were felt to be a small price to pay for the reassurance that the Americans intend to stay. You might call it cupboard love—given for H-bombs, guided missiles, atomic guns, dollars, gold, oil, all the big things only rich uncles can afford.

Up to now, at every NATO ministerial conference it seemed to be the Americans who were the drivers and the Europeans the driven. This time it was the U.S. delegation that made reservations about recommendations for closer co-operation. It was they who hinted that the Three Wise Men might be going a little far in asking member countries to formulate policies in the interests of the Atlantic Community.

Yet Atlantic solidarity lived on, and even the most nervous of the Europeans could hardly accuse the three stalwarts who led the U.S. delegation, Secretaries Dulles, George M. Humphrey, and Charles E. Wilson, of revealing isolationist tendencies. They collectively sat on stories popping out of Washington the week they were here about a possible Bulganin-Eisenhower deal for reciprocal withdrawals from Europe. Questioned by their fellow Ministers, they protested that whatever *some* people in Washington might be saying, the President would never have turned diplomatic somersaults while their backs were turned.

Admittedly, Dulles seemed more anxious at one point about Arab susceptibilities than about European feelings. Admittedly, Humphrey reminded his colleagues that they must not expect any more cash grants as the United States was already running at a loss. This was proved in tables brought along by the Treasury delegation showing that in spite of the United States' highly favorable trade balance, which produced a surplus of about $5 billion a year, the gain was more than offset by the drain in dollars and gold represented by military expenditures and military aid abroad. In other words, in their global transactions with the world, the Americans are the losers—which removes

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any case for a new Marshall Plan. It is true, furthermore, that Wilson disturbed his European listeners by announcing that in future the United States would concentrate on producing the weapons, with the Europeans themselves having to produce more of what he called "conventional military manpower," a phrase that one continental translated as "cannon fodder."

Telling Bert to Stop

Yet when all was over, the Ministers on both sides of the Atlantic could claim—as Dulles did not on his return home—that the conference had demonstrated a revival of NATO's sense of solidarity.

It was demonstrably less successful in reviving NATO's sense of direction. The Alliance remains primarily a body for protecting the western world against Soviet expansion. Yet at this meeting there was no serious discussion of Soviet intentions in the light of the recent events, and still less any agreement on NATO's appropriate response. Faith in the coziness of "peaceful coexistence" had evidently vanished, and there was new agreement that the Russians are up to mischief. (One is reminded of the old Cockney story of the mother who sent Tommy out to see what little Bert was doing—and to tell him to stop.)

THE FAILURE to hold any serious discussion among the Ministers on this basic issue was an unexpected disappointment, and some frustrated Ministers even had the ill grace to blame Italian Foreign Minister Gaetano Martino, whom the system of rotation had placed in the chair. It seems he was too inexperienced or perhaps too polite to keep speakers to the point or prevent them from all talking at once.

In practice it became obvious very soon that there would be no agreed "reappraisal" on the diplomatic or military level, and the conference wound up its business twenty-four hours ahead of schedule.

The principal drive for reappraisal had come from the British delegation, responding to the Conservative government's conviction that Britain has been living beyond its means. This was summed up tersely by a young British diplomat: "We can't help NATO by going bankrupt." The dollar-and-oil emergency arising from Suez had precipitated and hardened the British stand, but the decision to cut British commitments—starting with Europe—was being prepared long before the attack on Egypt.

Lumbering Anachronism

The military case for revising global strategy was all ready. The Red Army, it could be argued, would not venture voluntarily into war. The seventy small satellite divisions, once considered an appendix to Soviet strength, had proved a possible source of weakness. The only possibility of war in Europe was through a spread of disturbances producing panic and miscalculation in the Kremlin. This could not come without advance warning, and the risk of a "bolt from the blue," a European Pearl Harbor, on which so much NATO thinking had originally been based, could now be excluded. By contrast, Soviet penetration into the Middle East and Asia had assumed dangerous proportions, and Britain's principal effort would have to be to produce units ready for emergencies outside Europe, the slowness of the Suez operation having proved conclusively that the present military structure was a lumbering anachronism.

While the soldiers were talking about redeployment, Harold Macmillan, the British Chancellor of the Exchequer, was talking about reduction. Macmillan plaintively informed the conference that Great Britain is spending nine per cent of its national product on the defense of itself and its allies, and is using fifteen per cent of its metal and two-thirds of its scientific brains on armaments. The burden, he concluded, was excessive. This did not move his European colleagues, who reasoned that it was up to the British to decide if they wanted to remain a world power—if so, it was only normal they should pay more in defense costs than their partners with more modest pretensions. But the partners could not remain indifferent to the British decision, since the principal withdrawals would be from Europe.

The British announcement followed the *fait accompli* of the French in their withdrawal of almost the whole of their effective military force from Europe to North Africa. There, 650,000 French soldiers are trying to save what France's partners are coldly inclined to consider the last shreds of empire but what the French claim to be SHAPE's all too vulnerable southern flank.

Knowing themselves isolated on this central defense issue, the French did not even try to obtain moral or material backing for the Algerian war. They contented themselves with assuring their allies that the struggle would go on.

'Forward Strategy'

The Germans, whose manifest prosperity provoked an irate Dutchman to remark, "They are the only real war profiteers," are obviously benefiting both from the absence of overseas responsibilities and from having partners to provide their defenses. (The United States Army is spending so many dollars in Germany that a British Minister remarked that Britain could also solve its balance-of-payments crisis if it could only persuade the Alliance that there was an imminent threat from Scotland.) As a result of NATO pressures and anxieties about the rumblings in East Germany, West German leaders agreed to pay a little more so that Britain could pay a little less until the German Army is ready, but the disparities will remain.

The dwindling of available forces to defend the central front did not discourage the NATO partners from reaffirming in their final communiqués their fidelity to the old principle of "forward strategy." The military leaders reporting to the politicians emphasized the Soviet build-up in the East, and are still clamoring for an upward instead of a downward revision of manpower.

An officer on General Norstad's planning staff has graphs of peril points and military requirements that challenge the whole thesis of the proposed "reappraisal" and conclude that the new "absolute deterrents" will produce the need not for less manpower but for more. The argument is that once you have intercontinental missiles with hydrogen warheads, able to eliminate entire provinces inside enemy territory, nobody will dare use them except in immediate national self-defense. The deterrent will deter both sides to the

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point where the Soviet Union will know that the Americans will not dare defend any part of Europe at the cost of exposing themselves to instant annihilation. At this point the holding forces will once again be land armies. Where there is a vacuum the Soviet Union will be free to foment disorders and move into territories to defend puppet revolutionary governments.

Limited Withdrawal?

Yet on this point the military are fighting a losing battle. The advance "shield," planned at first in 1951 to include seventy-five western European divisions, then later reduced to fifty and then to thirty-five, will in fact never acquire anything like the intended strength. More and more Europeans are accepting the thesis that neither side can carry such a weight and that a deal must be made for reciprocal reductions. An increasing number of NATO leaders are coming around to hoping there will be a disengagement of forces on either side that would neutralize central Europe and perhaps provide the only way—short of war—of setting the satellites free. The Norwegians, who are alone so far in openly supporting this view, believe that it was never publicly debated at this conference because of the widespread belief that NATO was not sufficiently reunited after the Suez collision to risk a major diplomatic challenge.

This does not mean that any of the NATO countries would accept the Bulganin proposal that would draw the Russians back across the Vistula and the Americans back across the Atlantic. But a great many European leaders would like to relieve the tension in central Europe and reduce the terrifying risk of an accidental incident provoking an all-out conflict by discovering a way for redeploying NATO forces that would not mean sending the Americans back to America.

THE American delegation did not see it that way: Either the troops would remain within fist-clenching distance of the enemy, they felt, or they might as well pack up and go home. All of NATO would prefer the first of these alternatives, but there is a growing belief that there must surely be a third way.

AT HOME & ABROAD

Does Protectionism Really Protect Us?

DOUGLASS CATER

PRESIDENT EISENHOWER, having not long ago braved the protectionist wrath of the groundfish-fillet producers by overriding the Tariff Commission's recommendation for higher levies on foreign competition, may shortly be challenged to an even more soul-searching test of his trade policy. The groundfish fillet, it turned out, was fortuitously intertwined with our network of mutual security—more particularly our recently jeopardized forces on little Iceland. But Swiss watches, quite the opposite of helping our defenses, some insist, currently threaten to undermine them. Eisenhower's Director of Defense Mobilization, Arthur S. Flemming, has scheduled hearings for January 7 to investigate the matter.

A strange overlay of strategic doctrine envelops the arguments of the opposing sides. To listen to the four domestic jeweled-watch manufacturers, who initiated the complaint, their own economic self-interest is scarcely a part of the case. Paul Mickey, a Washington attorney who is vice-president of the American Watch Manufacturers Association, claims that should the government decide the American industry is not essential to security, it will be a matter of great simplicity and greater profits to import Swiss movements and to shift plants to other fields of precision engineering. In opposition, the voluminous literature of the watch importers lays grave stress on America's *real* security requirements in fighting the proposed quota on the Swiss. Both sides have developed elaborate treatises on the nature of future wars.

For a few independent souls who have tried to make head or tail of these competing strategies, there is a serious question whether the hurdle called "defense essentiality" recently added to our trade-policy procedures hasn't been set up in the wrong part of the playing field. It threatens to trip up our whole reciprocal trade program. Already the Office of Defense Mobilization (ODM), a comparatively recent addition to the Executive Office of the President meant to deal in long-range planning, has become a busier center than the venerable Tariff Commission for American businesses clamoring for very immediate protection. Only now the businessmen and their lawyers are speaking in terms of "maintenance of the mobilization base," "minimum defense requirements," "pools of essential skills," etc.

THE WATCH controversy provides an illuminating case study of this confusion. The Swiss, traditional craftsmen of jeweled lever watches, have held a major share of the market in America since 1936, when the two nations negotiated a reciprocal trade agreement. At the other end of the quality scale, American pin-lever watch and clock manufacturers have dominated the inexpensive-watch field.

The innumerable Swiss watch-part and movement manufacturers are banded into an interlocking system of trade organizations that their American competitors condemn as a cartel. Cartel or not, the system has not prevented the Swiss from competing among themselves as well as with American producers in the U.S. market. The Swiss have led in technological innovations, first developing the shockproof watch, the self-winder, the chronograph, and the various gadgety wrist watches

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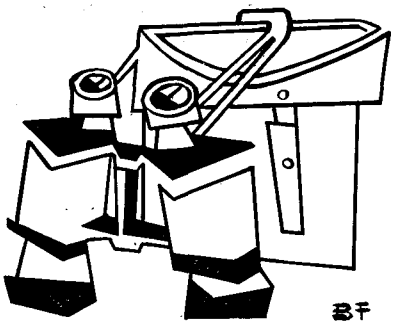
that have found eager customers in this country. Along with the American importing and assembling concerns, they have pioneered in adapting watch-sales techniques to our radically changed postwar market. Well before their American competition, they engaged in mass advertising campaigns. They removed the wrist watch from the exclusive sanctum of the jewelry shop and sold it in department, drug, and even discount stores.

With some justice, the Swiss can claim that they worked to create the volume market for jeweled wrist watches in America while their domestic competitors lagged behind. The American manufacturers, holding onto a steadily declining share of a steadily expanding market, claim that cheap Swiss labor is threatening the livelihood of approximately four thousand watch workers, many of them highly skilled. The Swiss reply that it is not their labor, the highest paid in Europe, that is the cause but rather un-American lack of enterprise. They claim American trade barriers will threaten an industry which accounts for nearly half of their dollar sales and which is essential to their country's very existence.

Waltham Starts It Off

Pressure for a political solution to this economic problem began to build in Washington in 1949, when the Waltham Watch Company, a



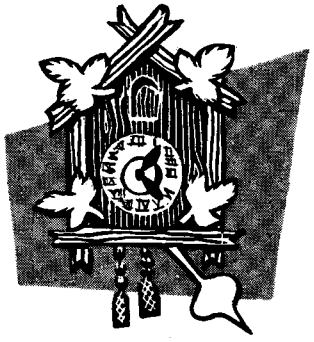
century-old institution, went on the rocks after what impartial observers agreed was a half century of bad management and had to be taken over by the Reconstruction Finance Corporation. Elgin and Hamilton soon joined in sounding the alarm along with Bulova, an importing company that has established a sizable domestic plant in the United States.

The Truman Administration responded to the extent of inserting an escape clause in the Swiss trade agreement, but in 1952 Truman emphatically rejected a Tariff Commission recommendation for a fifty per cent boost in watch duties, declaring this "would be striking a heavy blow at our whole effort to increase international trade and permit friendly nations to earn their own dollars and pay their way in the world."

Two years later, President Eisenhower authorized the boost. His ODM, said the President, had found as a result of an interdepartmental study that the preservation of the unique skills of the watch industry was "essential to the national security." It is not certain that Mr. Eisenhower realized that he was establishing a precedent. In the following year, Congress hardened that concept into law by tacking to the Trade Agreements Act a new section a great deal more loosely phrased than the traditional escape-clause and peril-point provisions. Section Seven simply specifies that "whenever the Director of the Office of Defense Mobilization has reason to believe that any article is being imported . . . in such quantities as to threaten to impair the national security, he shall so advise the President. . . ." The President, if convinced by an investigation, "shall take such action as he deems necessary to adjust the imports of such article to a level that will not threaten to impair the national security." The dark shadow of quotas loomed over our international trade policy.

SKEPTICS, both at home and abroad, were inclined to suspect the legitimacy of this new security program, pointing to all too obvious signs of political wheeling and dealing. There had been the economic recession during the winter of 1953-1954 with a resulting protectionist clamor from powerful Republican warriors on Capitol Hill. The Administration was engaged in battling through one-year extensions of the Trade Agreements Act and waiting rather desperately for the Randall Commission report to provide a rationale for something more. Mr. Eisenhower, who feels a deep if not particularly truculent devotion to liberal trade, had already rejected four escape-clause recommendations served up to him by the Tariff Commission. There was a mounting feeling that a sop to the protectionists was in order.

Watches had a particular urgency that year. In Massachusetts, home of Waltham, Senator Leverett Saltonstall, Republican whip and Chairman of the Armed Services Committee, was facing a tough battle for re-election. In Illinois, home of Elgin, the Republicans were throwing everything into the fight to lick



Democratic Senator Paul Douglas, an outspoken Administration critic on economic matters. In Pennsylvania, home of Hamilton, the Republican machine was in trouble.

On June 30, 1954, the same day ODM Director Flemming sent his report, to the President, the Armed Services subcommittee staged a hearing at which a long succession of Members of Congress from the affected states made it clear that jeweled watches were essential to their political security. Only ex-Senator Millard Tydings, a former Armed Services Committee Chairman who is counsel for the watch importers' association, spoke in dissent.

Crossed Signals in Defense

But the most intriguing byplay occurred within the Executive Branch. In preparation for the ODM report, the Department of Defense undertook a study based on what Assistant Secretary C. S. Thomas described as "a most thorough examination by technical experts" and "careful consideration by cognizant officials of the Department." Teams were sent to inspect the four jeweled-watch companies as well as other precision engineering factories. The conclusion, astonishingly, was that "the

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needs of the Department of Defense for industrial capacity clearly reveal that no special nor preferential treatment for the [jeweled watch] industry is necessary."

This conclusion was kept tightly classified until nearly a year later, when Senator Estes Kefauver, who had been tipped off, demanded that Thomas's report be released. To an irate brace of Republican Senators, Defense Secretary Wilson apologized lamely that it had meant to imply that the entire horological industry, including pin-lever watches and clocks, was essential to the mobilization base. He regretted that the wrong "inference" that had been drawn. A careful reading of the report fails to reveal one word to support Wilson's explanation.

The ODM report to the President failed to mention the conclusion reached by this Defense Department study, but drew heavily on one from the Commerce Department based in the main on nonmilitary needs during the Second World War. It scaled down the Commerce Department recommendation from three to two million watches as a minimum annual production for the domestic industry.

Publicity War

Eisenhower's decision to raise the duties on watches in 1954 provoked a decidedly hostile response, both at home and abroad. A nation-wide survey of editorial opinion, financed by the importers, showed that seventy-nine per cent of the U.S. daily newspapers that commented on the watch decision were opposed to it. The CIO took a vigorous stand against it. From Geneva, Michael L. Hoffman, New York *Times* correspondent, wrote, "With one blow, the President proved to the satisfaction of everyone in Europe who cares about such things, that all that the Socialist, Communist, neutralist, and homegrown anti-Americans say about United States trade policy is right, and that everything Mr. Eisenhower, the Randall Commission, the Chamber of Commerce of the United States and every U.S. Ambassador in Europe says is wrong."

The watch decision also signaled the start of unrestricted guerrilla warfare between the watchmakers. Both sides possess a clear understanding of the vital nexus that exists between Madison Avenue, the Washington law firm, and the politician. Neither is lacking in legal or advertising talent.

The American watch companies wheeled up their big gun in the person of General of the Army

Omar N. Bradley, now chairman of the board of the Bulova Research and Development Laboratories. "May I Speak Up?" Bradley spoke up in full-page newspaper advertisements, arguing forcefully that it was essential "solely for reasons of defense to preserve a hard core of watchmaking skills in this country." The Bradley ad also indicated that further steps were necessary to protect domestic watchmakers.

The Watchmakers of Switzerland in turn undertook to drum on the raw pocketbook nerve in a series of newspaper advertisements all over the country. "Tote That Bale . . . to Switzerland!" was the appeal in the Houston *Post*, pointing out that the Swiss, a $150-million yearly cash customer of the United States, "buy thousands upon thousands of bales of good American cotton." "Business is Business in Detroit, Michigan, or Bienne, Switzerland" ran an ad in the *Journal of Commerce*, concluding direly that "The same tariff burden that could deny a Swiss watch to the man in Detroit can very well strip American equipment from the plant in Bienne."

THE PRESIDENT'S tariff decision was only the first of a series of governmental actions which convinced the Swiss that they were in for rough sailing. Three months later, the Justice Department filed an antitrust suit against the Swiss manufacturing associations and the American importers. (It alleges, ironically, that Swiss combination and conspiracy has the effect of "maintaining the price of Swiss watches in the United States at arbitrary and noncompetitive levels.") In March, 1955, the Treasury Department tried to institute a ban against "up-jeweling," the practice of adding jewels after arrival in the United States to avoid the prohibitive tariff on above-seventeen-jewel movements. Failing that, it urged legislation in Congress to affix a "processing tax" on such movements.

Treasury officials also began to explore ways of applying the costly "adjustment" duty on "unadjusted" Swiss watches because new assembly processes have made the latter just as accurate. In December, 1955, the Justice Department instituted a second suit involving the Swiss watchmaking-machinery industry.

Finally, that same month, the United States jeweled-watch industry came back to ODM asking further protection on the grounds of "defense essentiality." They were joined this time by the pin-lever watch- and clockmakers.

The unhappy fact was that not only had the fifty per cent tariff boost not noticeably helped the sale of domestic jeweled watches but it was apparently helping play hob with the pin levers. The total market for high-jeweled watches has fallen off appreciably. At the same time there has been a fantastic boom in Swiss nonjeweled watches, which approach in accuracy, if not long life, the more expensive variety. Slim and highly attractive in design, they are cutting deeply into the sales of their bulky American counterparts. The cheap pocket watch, formerly a major part of American production, now appears to be a vanishing breed.

What the Industrialists Said

So it is that the American pin-lever clock- and watchmakers will be standing alongside the jeweled-watch representatives during the ODM hearing this month, bearing the testimonial from Secretary Wilson that they too are essential to the nation's security. The jeweled watchmakers' petition claims they must be allowed to produce approximately 3.6 million watches annually, "if ODM's ob-

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jective for maintenance of the industry in a 'healthy and vigorous condition' . . . is to be achieved."

But other factors have entered the picture. For one thing, part of the agony of the pin-lever group arises from the growing imports of West German clocks. And West Germany, unlike neutral Switzerland, is a vital and fairly fragile member of the western defense alliance.

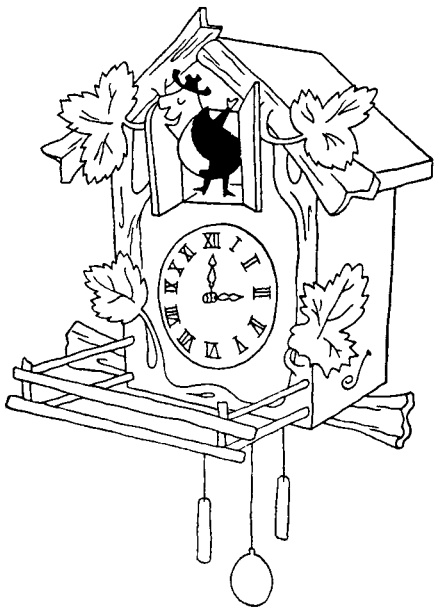
Also, there have been promptings to re-examine the basic concept of defense essentiality. Last January, a group of American industrialists called on ODM Director Flemming and made some telling arguments. C. H. Percy, president of Bell & Howell, said that he could have sought tariff protection against German cameras produced with much lower-paid skilled labor than the Swiss. Instead, his company perfected automation processes that have kept its optics division in business. John S. Coleman, president of the Burroughs Corporation, told how electronic testing enabled his company to achieve the fine tolerances necessary for the Norden bombsight faster and more effectively than with human skills. He also claimed that with very little difficulty a top-grade toolmaker from his plant could make the most delicate equipment used in the watch industry; the group of American industrialists agreed that tool- and diemakers, the absolutely essential skills, are interchangeable among industries. Thomas Reid, of the Ford Motor Company, a former assistant Director for Manpower in ODM, added that quite a segment of the industrial world shared the feeling that the tariff was not the proper means to protect critical skills.

This re-examination went even further last June when the Bolling subcommittee of the Joint Economic Committee of Congress undertook a case study of the watch industry. William L. Batt, former vice-chairman of the War Production Board during the Second World War and former president of the S.K.F. Industries, argued that putting a fence around segments of American industry tends to weaken rather than strengthen national security: "I consider that the important thing to develop and preserve in American industry today is versatility. . . . It is for that reason that I look with grave concern on a proposal that freezes four thousand, or whatever number it may be, men in an industry. . . ." There was testimony that the watch of the not distant future may be a radically different, possibly electronic timepiece, requiring other types of skills.

The subcommittee concluded unanimously that "Protection of the watch industry by trade restrictions in the name of defense is unwarranted because, first, it will not be effective in preserving the domestic industry, and, second, it represents an undue burden on other industries as well as consumers." In a separate appendix, Senator Ralph Flanders (R., Vermont) sorrowfully castigated the American watch industry for lack of enterprise over the past half century, but concluded that it was essential to defense as a "nursery" for microprecision skills. He did not specify how it was to be preserved.

'Voluntary' Quotas

There have been straws in the wind that the Eisenhower Administration believes it has hit upon a new, painless approach to its tough trade problems. Last September, in a speech to the Northern Textile Association, Sherman Adams, the Assistant to the President, pointed pridefully to the "voluntary" quotas which the Japanese had agreed to impose on their cotton-textile exports to the United States. "I should like to suggest that in broader aspect this arrangement is . . . prophetic of Federal action most certainly to ensue in similar exigencies," said Adams with clearer intent than syntax. Secretary of Commerce Weeks hinted at the same thing more recently when he lectured an importers' convention on the advantages of "moderation."



But trade experts are quick to point out that quotas, whether voluntary or involuntary, have the same detrimental effect on competition. In addition, the voluntary quota, negotiated as a result of American threats, obliges the foreign government to interfere in private enterprise in a way we have righteously sought to discourage. In the case of the Swiss, it would result in the farcical spectacle of the U.S. government conspiring with the same cartel that it has brought antitrust action against.

THERE IS a faint hope among some observers that the President may undertake a really new approach. They hope he will remove "defense essentiality" from the area of trade policy and put it where it belongs—in the Defense budget. The 1954 ODM report on watches indicated that a subsidy to the watchmakers, if carefully applied, would not inhibit competition the way trade barriers do.

This would also mean that manufacturers would be obliged to get acceptance, not just acquiescence, from the politicians before they could win special benefits. It would mean that the cost of maintaining defense-essential industries would get regular review rather than be forever buried in the tariff structure. It would mean that a noisy few could not do lasting damage to our foreign trade—estimated to be worth $29 billion for 1956—and our even more precious system of alliances.

Alternatively, an ever-lengthening procession of security cases can be expected to line up outside the White House. Cordage and twine are already being given solemn consideration by ODM. Behind watches on the request list come analytical balances, fluorspar, thermometers, wool felt, and wooden boats. There are reports that clothespins and dehydrated garlic are waiting in the wings.

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Minor-League Las Vegas In the Bluegrass State

JAMES A. MAXWELL

VISITORS to Cincinnati often find the natives painfully smug about the lofty morality of their city. Within certain limits, this self-approbation is understandable. There hasn't been a first-rate municipal scandal in the town in more than thirty years; the local government is regularly cited in textbooks for its efficiency and freedom from corruption; and gambling is largely restricted to church-sponsored bingo.

Recently a friend of mine from New York was in Cincinnati. During the first few days of his stay, he was astonished at the degree of rectitude in this large industrial city and mildly annoyed with the residents for their complacency. Then I had lunch with him after he had been in town for about a week, and it was obvious from the knowing look on his face that he had made an important discovery.

"I finally figured out how this city of yours remains so pure," he said with deep satisfaction. "Last night I had some time on my hands and a man I met in the hotel bar suggested that I get in a cab and go across the river to Newport, Kentucky. What an eye opener! No wonder Cincinnati has many of the aspects of a Girl Scout camp. You keep all your sin in another state, just a ten-minute cab ride away."

'Action' Across the Ohio

There was considerable justification in my friend's comments. Campbell County, Kentucky, where Newport is located, usually operates as a minor-league Las Vegas oriented to inculcate in a man the faith that he can profitably flout the laws of probability. There are, as well, numerous accommodating women to be found in the area, and there is no need for a thirsty man with the price of a drink in his pocket to endure his parched condition at any hour of the day or night.

Prostitution and after-hours drinking are, however, minor businesses in Campbell County. Gambling is the big industry there, and the man eager for "action" can find it in almost any setting he desires, from a plush night club to a shabby "bust-out joint."

Beverly Hills Country Club, about six miles from the center of Cincinnati, is one of the most attractive night clubs in the country. The floor shows regularly feature such top performers as Lena Horne, Joe E. Lewis, Pearl Bailey, and Johnny Ray, and a good orchestra is always on the bandstand. The main dining room is large and handsome, and the food, drinks, and service are excellent. New Yorkers are usually startled by the modest total on the Beverly check. The Beverly Hills has no cover charge, drinks are moderately priced, and an excellent steak dinner is served for $4.50.

What makes this economic legerdemain possible is, of course, a large room on the side of the building where the gambling takes place. Conceivably a stranger to Beverly Hills might never learn of the existence of this room. It is located at a discreet distance from the dining room and no employee ever suggests to a customer that he try his hand at a game of chance. The word does get around, however.

The gambling emporium is large and well lighted, and is almost as quiet as an office building on a Sunday afternoon. Deep pile carpeting muffles footsteps, and the customers, their faces the traditional masks of stoical impassivity, are silent. Only the occasional monotone calls from the men running the games, the rattle of dice, and the click of roulette balls disturb the stillness. Incidentally, this decorum is not observed because of fear of attracting the attention of the police. Beverly Hills merely attracts well-mannered gamblers.

On a fairly busy evening, there are usually in operation two or three crap tables, a couple of roulette games, a chuck-a-luck session, and several blackjack games. A number of years ago before the Federal government took an active interest in gambling, Beverly Hills, like almost every other Campbell County establishment, including drugstores, had slot machines. These have disappeared since the imposition of the Federal $250 annual tax on each of these devices.

Peeling Belles

If the gambler prefers somewhat earthier divertissement and a simpler background for his activities, he can go to the Glenn Rendezvous. This was once an intimate supper club with floor shows more or less comparable with those at the Beverly Hills, but now the entertainment is directed to strip-tease fans. The gambling room, adjacent to the dining room, is considerably smaller in scope than its counterpart at Beverly Hills, but there are adequate means available for those who want to bet against the house odds.

Newport also has a number of places such as the Flamingo Club, the Yorkshire Club, Glenn Schmidt's Playtorium, and the Merchants' Club. These have no floor shows but do offer good food at reasonable prices as a lure to customers. In addition to the usual games of chance, most such places do a brisk business in racing bets and most of them have elaborate facilities for recording results from tracks throughout the country.

ALL THE LARGER gambling halls guard their reputations for honesty as scrupulously as the French bourgeoisie do the chastity of their marriageable daughters, but a number of small "bust-out joints," dis-

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dainful of the usual percentages favoring the operator, employ dice of dubious symmetry, marked cards, and similar aids to increasing the house profits. If a player should have such phenomenal luck as to overcome these handicaps, he is sometimes forcibly relieved of his winnings on his way home.

Tangled Arms of the Law

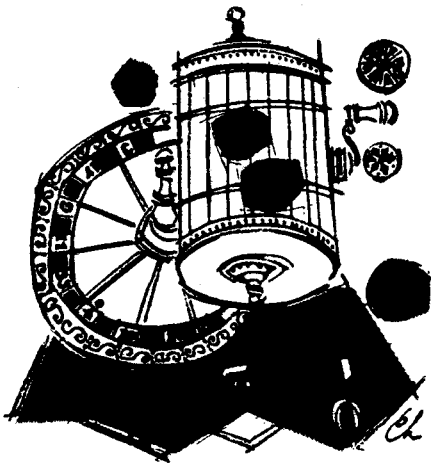
Operating a gambling hall in northern Kentucky, however, is not without its complications. Gambling is illegal in the state, a fact that forces a proprietor to maintain amicable relationships with a host of law-enforcement agencies, several of which may, at a given moment, be working at cross purposes.

For example, in Newport an owner's business routine can be disturbed by the city police, the county police, the state police, agents of the State Alcoholic Control Board, and, if he has failed to purchase the $50 "gambler's" stamp required by Federal law, even by raiding representatives of the U.S. Bureau of Internal Revenue.

Frequently the gambler is caught in a political crossfire. If, for instance, the governor is annoyed with the politicians in northern Kentucky, he may send the state police into Campbell County to close all of the gambling establishments. Or, if the objective is harassment rather than outright warfare, state liquor agents may visit the area, discover to their consternation that games of chance are taking place in bars and restaurants, and suspend the liquor licenses for a week or two.

There have been periods in the past when even various branches of the Newport police department have shown a deplorable lack of teamwork in law enforcement. About two years ago, for example, detective Jack Thiem, accompanied by a photographer from the Louisville *Courier-Journal,* raided Glenn Schmidt's Playtorium. Presumably, Thiem was surprised and somewhat embarrassed to find there Police Chief George Gugel and three detectives from his own office. The photographer, of course, recorded this curious encounter and was promptly arrested by Chief Gugel, who destroyed the film. Gugel was temporarily retired from the force, more because of the cries of outrage from newspapers over his treatment of the photographer than for his choice of recreation. But Newport is not a town to take such peccadilloes seriously, and Gugel was soon returned to his job, which he still holds. Thiem, however, was fired, presumably for an unforgivable breach of professional etiquette.

A minor occupational hazard to the northern Kentucky gambler is the grand jury, which is often filled with citizens who take a hostile view to open flouting of the law. Therefore whenever the jury is to be convened, all gambling equipment goes into cupboards and the operators take a vacation in Florida. These interruptions to business are infrequent and usually brief. Most of the proprietors accept them philosophically.



Gugel Goggles

The most damaging blow dealt northern Kentucky gambling in recent years was the 1951 hearings of the Senate crime-investigating committee, which characterized the area as "one of the worst gambling spots in the nation." Malcolm Rhodes, a former city manager of Newport, told the Senators that an estimated $10 million is annually spent on gambling in the region. "Gambling," he said, "has gone on there for some fifty years or longer."

The investigation revealed that a major part of the gambling was controlled by a syndicate of Cleveland and Kentucky men, a number of whom found themselves in disfavor with the Internal Revenue Bureau. After reading of the size of the operation, the Bureau felt that many of the gamblers had been something less than accurate in filling out their income-tax forms.

One of the most interesting witnesses at the Senate hearings was Chief Gugel, who professed to be dumfounded to learn about the state of affairs in Newport. The Committee was understandably puzzled about his ignorance of these matters.

"Would you be surprised to know there is gambling going on?" counsel for the Committee asked at one point.

"For me, yes, because I've never been in there," Gugel answered virtuously. "All I know is what somebody told me."

Gambling in northern Kentucky went into a sharp decline after the Senate hearings and remained at low ebb for some time, but the man with an urge to wager could always find someone in Campbell County willing to oblige him. Activity gradually increased and, by 1955, most of the regular halls were in full unabashed operation. Last April, Federal agents raided a number of places that did not have the $50 stamp—all establishments with stamps continued to function without interference—but that has been the only important interruption in several years.

THERE IS little evidence that the citizens of Campbell County have any strong desire to change the status quo. As a Federal Grand Jury sadly reported a few years ago, "There does not seem to be a majority sentiment in favor of enforcing anti-gambling statutes. . . . Candidates pledged to enforce such statutes have been recently defeated at the polls."

Although there are a few church groups that rail against the situation, they seem to have little popular support. The Newport Civic Association probably comes close to expressing the people's will with its slogan, "Clean up but not close up Newport."

Chief Gugel retains the touching innocence he displayed before the Senate committee. From time to time, he issues fierce warnings—echoed, it should be added, by various state and county officials—of the dire fate that awaits any crapshooter who sets foot in northern Kentucky.

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Rokossovsky: Pole or Russian?

ISAAC DEUTSCHER

AT THE BEGINNING of last October two Polish politicians visited me in my home in Surrey, England, to discuss the situation in Poland. This was shortly before the upheaval in Warsaw as a result of which Wladyslaw Gomulka was to return to power and Marshal Konstantin Rokossovsky was to be dismissed from the Polish Politburo and Ministry of Defense. My guests, old acquaintances and prewar comrades, described the inner alignments in the Polish Workers Party, the conflict in its midst between the pro-Stalinist Natolin Group and the anti-Stalinists, the attitudes of individual leaders, and the prospects of an approaching denouement. They themselves belonged, of course, to the anti-Stalinist wing and, firmly yet with reservations, backed Gomulka.

At one point of our discussion I asked: "And where does the army stand in this conflict? What do you think Rokossovsky is going to do? May he not throw his weight behind the Natolin Group and stage a coup against you?"

"Rokossovsky?" My visitors were surprised by the question. "No, we don't expect any difficulty from him. He will probably play no role at all in the coming crisis. He has kept aloof from the inner party struggle, but he has indicated anti-Stalinist feelings more than once. In any case, we can count on his absolute loyalty to the Central Committee, whose orders he will carry out; and in the Central Committee the Stalinists are already an isolated minority. No, no, Rokossovsky is certainly not the man to stage a coup against the Central Committee."

YET A FEW DAYS later when the Central Committee met for its now famous session and when Khrushchev and his colleagues suddenly descended on Warsaw, the danger of a military coup appeared to be quite real. Warsaw was astir with rumors about movements of Russian and Polish troops. Rokossovsky, far from playing no part in the crisis, found himself in its very center. Indeed, it was the question of his re-election to the Politburo rather than Gomulka's return to power that brought the conflict between the Stalinists and the anti-Stalinists to a head. The Natolin Group had already reconciled itself to Gomulka's return: "Re-elect Rokossovsky!" was its battle cry. Since the battle was joined over Rokossovsky, the anti-Stalinists, some of whom held him responsible for the sinister troop movements and for the threat of a Stalinist coup demanded—and got—his dismissal.

Yet my anti-Stalinist visitors, who assured me so confidently of Rokossovsky's sympathy with their attitude, were not altogether mistaken. Rokossovsky was undoubtedly one of the most authentic anti-Stalinists in Poland, an anti-Stalinist of much longer standing than Gomulka, for instance. Few could have stronger reasons for hating Stalinism than Rokossovsky. Yet it was as a symbol of Stalinism that he was dismissed from all his posts and had to leave Warsaw. What accounts for this paradox?

You Can't Go Home Again

The city from which he has been so ingloriously expelled was his birthplace. It was Warsaw, at the turn of the century when Poland was ruled by a Tsarist Governor-General, where he spent his childhood and early youth. Only during the First World War did he find himself, together with many other Poles, in Russia. Yet from that time on something like a curse seemed to bar him from his native city. On at least three occasions, each time when the city's fate hung in the balance, he returned or attempted to return to it. And every time disaster lay in wait for him.

The October Revolution in 1917 was to him, as to many left-wing Poles in Russia, a supreme act of liberation. In 1919, in the midst of civil war, when Lenin's government was on the brink of defeat, the twenty-three-year-old Rokossovsky volunteered for the Red Army and joined the Communist Party. No problem of national loyalty was as yet involved in this. After about 150 years of Poland's incorporation in the Russian Empire, it was up to a point natural for Poles to be involved in Russian politics. Poles—it is enough to mention Dzerzhinski and Radek—played a prominent part in the Bolshevik leadership. And Moscow did not as yet think of re-annexing the territories of nations that had been annexed by the Russian Empire. The ideals of the Revolution still held the hearts and minds of foreigners.

A YEAR later, however, in 1920, the young Rokossovsky was marching on Warsaw with the Red Army. He marched with high hopes and enthusiasm, and there was still no question for him of any conflict of national loyalties. He believed himself to be fighting in an international civil war, not in a war between nations; and the Red Army's march on Warsaw had been preceded and provoked by Pilsudski's march on Kiev. It was, indeed, the Polish left-wing expatriates in Russia who most resolutely urged Lenin to pursue Pilsudski's troops into the Polish capital and beyond, for they believed that the Polish workers and peasants would welcome the Red Army and rise against the Polish landlords and capitalists. Lenin shared the hope, although Trotsky, the Commissar of War, and Radek, the most brilliant of the Poles in Moscow, were opposed to the offensive on Warsaw.

The Poles spurned the invaders. They ignored their revolutionary slogans and international appeals and saw the troops only as the successors to the old Tsarist armies of conquest. At the gates of Warsaw the Red Army was routed and forced to retreat. Among the retreating was the unknown Polish Red Army man Konstantin Rokossovsky. His city and country had rejected him and his comrades, a remote prel-

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ude to his humiliation in Warsaw thirty-six years later.

Tukhachevsky's Pupil

The young Rokossovsky was probably not unduly despondent. Like many of his comrades he must have told himself that "history had not yet said its last word." It seems that in the early 1920's he was sent to the Frunze Military Academy in Moscow, where young commanders who had made their mark in the civil war were trained. The Academy's presiding genius was Mikhail N. Tukhachevsky, the Red Army's most brilliant and most modern mind, who saw in the tank and aircraft the decisive weapons of the future and who was the originator of parachute troops.

Tukhachevsky had led the Red Army on Warsaw; and he did not entirely give up the idea of repeating the march in more favorable circumstances, when he might be able to drop Polish Communist parachute troops behind the enemy lines to organize a revolution there. Such ideas certainly appealed to Tukhachevsky's Polish pupil. What was more important, Rokossovsky was highly receptive to Tukhachevsky's "ultramodern," as they then seemed, conceptions of mechanized warfare, and he absorbed to the full all that was valuable in the teachings of his master.

Tukhachevsky befriended him. After Rokossovsky had graduated from the Academy in 1929 he acted as liaison officer between Tukhachevsky, i.e., the Soviet General Staff, and the Polish section of the Comintern. The brilliant Soviet Staff officer remained a Polish Communist dreaming of revolution in his native country.

His closeness to Tukhachevsky and his Polish origin and Polish Communist preoccupations made him suspect to Stalin. And so in 1937 when Stalin ordered Tukhachevsky executed as "traitor" and the whole Polish Communist Party to be denounced and disbanded—this was the only Communist Party in the world to achieve such distinction!—Rokossovsky was thrown into prison and then deported to a concentration camp, where he spent about four years.

Even now he avoids talking about his experiences there. Subjected to torture and thrown among ordinary criminals, he used all his will power to keep himself mentally alive and to follow events in the outside world as much as possible. He was less concerned about personal injustice than about the grave harm the purge had done to the Red Army in a most critical international situation. Lying on his prison bunk, Rokossovsky went through in his mind over and over again the complex strategic and operational games with which Tukhachevsky had occupied his staff officers. At least after September, 1939, he did not doubt that the Red Army would still need his services. By then he was familiar enough with the "spirit" of Russian history to know that the distance between a concentration camp and G.H.Q. in Moscow might on occasion prove to be fantastically short.

And indeed in the summer of 1941 Rokossovsky, the traitor and Polish spy, was rehabilitated and hastily brought back to G.H.Q. In the fall of that year, when Hitler's armies approached Moscow and when the Soviet debacle on the Dnieper compelled Stalin to dismiss the incompetent Voroshilov and Budënny from posts of command, he picked three officers for the most important jobs: Zhukov, Vasilevsky, and Rokossovsky.

There is no need to go here into Rokossovsky's record in the Second World War. It is enough to recall that under Zhukov's orders he was the most important operational commander in the battles of Moscow and Stalingrad. What did he fight for? Certainly not for Stalin, his jailer and torturer. And certainly not for a Russian Empire. For military glory and fame? Perhaps. But what was the worth of glory and fame that could so easily be destroyed and turned into disgrace and infamy? To judge from his behavior in various situations, Rokossovsky is not vainglorious. It is much more probable that the cause to which he gave his talents was still Communism—a cause which he believed debased but not destroyed or invalidated by Stalinism. Whatever his motives, within a single year Rokossovsky had risen to the stature of one of the greatest military commanders in the greatest of wars.

The Second Failure

Yet, almost at once, his triumph was marred when, after an interval of nearly a quarter of a century, he was on the point of returning to his native city. He was in command of that Soviet army whose spearhead reached the Vistula and some of Warsaw's suburbs in August, 1944, just when the Poles in the city across had risen against the Wehrmacht. The insurgents, led by anti-Communists, hoped at first to defeat the Germans without Soviet help and thus to forestall Rokossovsky. When it became clear that this was impossible, they appealed in despair for Soviet help.

This might have been Rokossovsky's opportunity for a reconciliation with his native city. (Was not this at last the moment for dropping parachute troops behind enemy lines?) He might have entered the streets of Warsaw as its triumphant liberator. But it was not given to him to accomplish the feat.

Stalin forbade him to succor the embattled city on the ground that the general situation at the front and a full-scale Soviet offensive mounted further to the south in the Carpathians did not allow Soviet forces to become engaged in Warsaw. Another version was that by the time the rising had flared up the Germans had dislodged Rokossovsky's troops from their forward positions on the Vistula and thrown them back.

The insurgents, however, took a different view of the matter. They believed that Stalin had deliberately delivered Warsaw to German revenge and destruction because he did not wish the rising, inspired and led by anti-Communists, to succeed. Amid the burning ruins of Warsaw, the insurgents fought and died, cursing the Soviet Army.

Rokossovsky could not view the agony of his native city with indifference. But Stalin's orders were clear and strict, and Rokossovsky could not disregard them. When he did enter Warsaw some months later, the city was a vast cemetery; he could not even find the streets and landmarks of his childhood.

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Moscow, in its hour of victory, received its Polish defender with gratitude. On June 24, 1945, Rokossovsky was assigned to lead the whole Soviet Army in the great Victory Parade through Red Square.

But Stalin's favor did not last long. He was now jealous of the popularity of his marshals and afraid of them. Vasilevsky, the Great Russian nationalist, was perhaps the only one of them whom he still trusted. He was anxious to disperse the others from Moscow and to relegate them to obscurity. He ordered Zhukov to Odessa. Rokossovsky, who had been Zhukov's closest associate and was known to have clashed with Vasilevsky, was posted first to Legnica in Upper Silesia, then to Warsaw.

'Honorary Exile'

When Rokossovsky was appointed Polish Minister of Defense in 1949, the typical comment in the West was that, as "Stalin's man of confidence," he was to assure the subservience of the Polish Communists to Moscow. Rokossovsky and those who knew his background could only be sadly amused by such comment. For the hero of the battles of Moscow and Stalingrad, the marshal who had led the great victory parade in the Red Square, to be cast out of the Soviet Army and appointed Minister in a satellite government was a humiliating degradation. Warsaw was a place of honorary exile.

But it was not only the West that saw Rokossovsky as Stalin's Polish viceroy. Polish opinion, too, looked on him in this way and refused to accept him as a Pole. He returned to his home town as a stranger and intruder. His countrymen, of course, knew nothing about the suspicion which he had drawn upon himself as a Pole in Moscow and about his ordeal in Stalin's concentration camps—no one dared to mention such things in those days. The Poles saw him as Stalin's watchdog, a Russified Pole, and a Russifier. There was, in truth, never any lack of Russified generals in the Polish Army even before the war, generals incapable of addressing their men in correct Polish.

Rokossovsky, despite his long service in Russia, has remained a Pole in character, manner, and speech. He did not Russify the Polish Army. He did not even put it into Russian uniforms, as Rákosi's men did in Hungary even without the presence of a Soviet marshal. Nor was it he who brought Russian advisers and instructors into the Polish commands—they had been there before he arrived. And yet Rokossovsky had to take the blame for their presence. To the Poles he was a Muscovite and an archtraitor.

The Final Judgment

Last October Warsaw passed its final judgment on Rokossovsky. It was the verdict of popular opinion and

Rokossovsky

popular emotion aroused against Stalinist oppression. Circumstances had conspired to make Rokossovsky's name the hated symbol of that oppression. Who, the Poles asked, could be responsible for the threatening Russian and Polish troop movements if not Marshal Rokossovsky, the Minister of Defense? And so, in the critical days of October 19 and 20, suddenly all of Poland's political passion concentrated on one man. To the overwhelming majority of Poles he was the villain of the piece, while to the retreating Stalinists he became the hero; and they decided to fight their own rear-guard battle over his re-election to the Politburo.

Rokossovsky himself said not a word to advance or support his candidacy. If he had had as much political sense as he has military ability, he would have withdrawn his name, disowned his backers, and rid himself of the odium. But he didn't, and he even seemed to be surprised to find himself at the heart of a passionate political controversy. Embarrassed and bewildered, he stammered, faltered, and stumbled to his final humiliation.

Was he in fact responsible to any degree for the troop movements and the preparation of a pro-Stalinist coup? Only the historian with access to the archives will be able to give a conclusive answer. When the question was raised at the October 20 session of the Central Committee, Rokossovsky said that there had been no significant movements of Polish troops—and it was only Polish troops to which he was responsible—about which he had not kept the Politburo informed. For the movement of Soviet troops in Poland Marshal Konev alone was responsible. On the instructions of the Politburo, he had asked Konev for an explanation and was told that the movements were ordinary autumn maneuvers; all the same he had asked Konev, on behalf of the Polish Politburo, to stop the "maneuvers." Rokossovsky concluded his brief and not very eloquent statement with a declaration of his loyalty to the Polish government and the Polish party leadership—the Gomulka leadership at this point—"without whose orders not a single step is going to be made."

Not one of the party leaders denied the truth of Rokossovsky's words. All the same, public opinion received them with the greatest incredulity, and Gomulka could do nothing but dismiss the man who was a Pole in Russia and a Russian in Poland.

The dismissal was primarily a symbolic act, designed to demonstrate Poland's regained independence. But even now that it is all over, Rokossovsky cannot separate himself from the symbol he has become. In Moscow the Polish exile has been received with all the honors appropriate to a military leader in whose person the Soviet Union and its army have been offended and insulted. He has been appointed Soviet Vice-Minister of Defense, but it may be doubted whether that is a real consolation for the humiliation he suffered in Warsaw.

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How the U.N. Troops Were Mobilized

PATRICK O'DONOVAN

THE TOP FLOOR of the United Nations is rich, elegant, and rather impersonal. Its designers have ruthlessly deprived it of the drama that usually attends the anterooms of great officeholders. It is true that in one small conference room there are maps on the wall, stuck with pins in the military manner, but at no time in the last few weeks could a stranger have guessed that this was the headquarters for an elaborate and worldwide movement of troops that resulted from the creation of the U.N. Emergency Force.

During the early hours of November 2, Lester B. Pearson, the External Affairs Minister of Canada, spoke in the U.N. General Assembly debate at which the U.S. resolution calling for a cease-fire and withdrawal of troops from Egypt was adopted. He called for the creation of "a truly international peace and police force." This idea was discussed by Pearson, Secretary-General Dag Hammarskjöld, and others in the next two days. On November 4, again in the early hours, the Assembly adopted a Canadian resolution asking the Secretary-General to submit within forty-eight hours a plan for setting up an emergency international force to secure and supervise the cessation of hostilities in the Middle East. Next day, the Assembly approved the Secretary-General's suggestion for establishing a U.N. command and specified that the forces of the five permanent members of the Security Council (the great powers) could not participate in the Force. Working without sleep, the Secretary-General and his staff produced by the morning of November 6 the plan for the UNEF, which was accepted by the Assembly the next day. By that time the British and French and Israelis had accepted the U.N. call for a cease-fire in Egypt. There were no dissenting votes.

Even though no formal request for troops had been made to governments, the response to the Secretary-General's initiative was immediate. By November 6 he was able to attach to his plan formal offers of troops and assistance from seven governments.

THE SITUATION was urgent. An international force in Egypt was the only condition upon which the French, British, and Israelis were prepared to withdraw, while the "volunteers" for Egypt movement threatened by the Soviet Union provided a new and dangerous element in the situation.

The United Nations Secretariat has never acted as a military H.Q.

In Korea the U.N. military operation was delegated to the United States, which organized the unified Command on behalf of the U.N. In this situation, given the embargo on the forces of the great powers, no such convenient delegation to an existing military machine was possible. UNEF had to be organized by the U.N. from scratch—and fast.

Exercise in Good Will

Mr. Hammarskjöld put his own staff into action. The main responsibility fell on Dr. Ralph Bunche, who won the 1950 Nobel Peace Prize for his achievements as mediator in Palestine. Dr. Bunche is a calm and meticulous man of immense energy and stamina, but he would be the first to deny that he is a military expert. The military experience of his immediate staff lay in the distant past. Nonetheless the military organization thus evolved by working around the clock until they became haggard with exhaustion is unique in the history of military operations.

Eight offers of troops were rapidly accepted—from Canada, Colombia, Denmark, Finland, India, Norway, Sweden, and, a little later, Yugoslavia. Almost at once there came into being on the thirty-eighth floor of the U.N. a sort of informal military council that met daily. It was an exercise in pure good will. The military attachés of the accepted nations telephoned to ask how they could help, and were at once roped in. The Secretary-General attended the first meeting of this informal group of attachés, which, meeting day and night, became the professional testing ground for all the detailed arrangements.

The dates themselves are impressive. The General Assembly approved the plan for the Force on November 7. The first units left their home countries on November 10 and were in Egypt by November 15. The first company entered Port Said on November 21, and by mid-December the eight-nation UNEF, with a multinational H.Q. and regular system of supply, was deployed in the Suez Canal area and had already acquired a character and reputation of its own.

THE MEETINGS on the thirty-eighth floor were informal and colorful. Military phraseology, the talk of "second echelons" and "third-line maintenance," proved at first a little mystifying to ears attuned to diplomatic language. But the soldiers understood each other even if one was a mustachioed Indian brigadier trained at Sandhurst, another a Colombian major of Scottish descent, a third a Yugoslav general of the partisans, and a fourth a captain from the forests of Finland.

Every conceivable problem was discussed as it arose: clothing, air transport, equipment, inoculations, badges, discipline, pay, rations, postal arrangements, headquarters organization, supplies. The Finnish captain broke a profound silence to say that the Finnish Army was expert in fighting in dense forests at very low temperatures. How would its clothing and equipment suit conditions in the Sinai Desert? The Colombian Army, normally active only in the tropics, would require winter clothing. It was essential that distinctive

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headgear should be worn to mark the soldiers as part of UNEF. If some of the Indian troops were turbaned Sikhs, how could they wear the blue helmet or beret? The Swedish Army's stoves are all wood-burning—where would the fuel come from?

Blue Helmets and Magic Wands

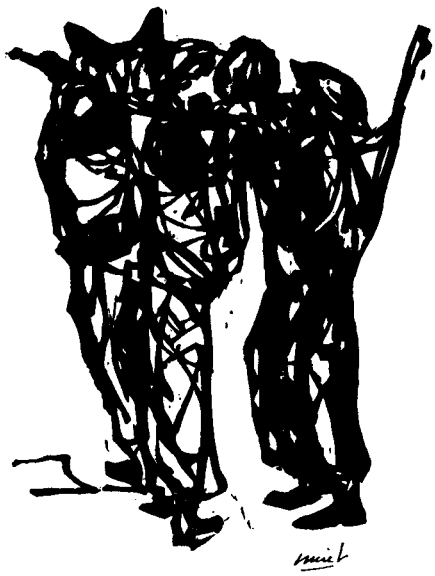
The Danes and Norwegians were the first to announce that their troops were standing by awaiting the aircraft to take them to a staging area in Italy. The United States, which had volunteered to airlift the whole force as far as Italy, was informed, and within a few hours the aircraft were on their way from USAF bases in Europe.

The Italian military attaché arrived to make arrangements for a staging area in Italy and within twenty-four hours Capodichino airport, near Naples, was placed at UNEF's disposal. Two hours later a young member of the Secretariat was on his way to organize the base, reaching it on November 10 just in time to receive the first airlift of Danes and Norwegians.

The Italians provided accommodation, mountains of spaghetti, and co-operation of a sort that is rare even in wartime. They even volunteered a transport squadron of Flying Boxcars to take the force on to Egypt just as soon as suitable landing and refueling arrangements could be made in Egypt and along the route in Crete at Suda Bay. When this proved insufficient they dug up some twenty-year-old S 82s in which they cheerfully flew equipment to Egypt.

The U.S. Navy in Naples produced goods and services. The blue helmets, essential as identifying marks, were painted in Leghorn and flown to Naples within twenty-four hours after the idea was first suggested in New York. With paint scarcely dry, they were worn by the first detachments of troops leaving for Egypt.

The young Secretariat officer had taken charge and was soon answering signals with traditional naval aplomb. When told, in reply to some query, that he should use his initiative, he replied: "Grateful your suggestion about using my initiative. What do you think I've been using up to now?" On another occasion



after suggesting one solution to a certain shipping problem he cabled, "Next best thing would be a magic wand."

EVERY COUNTRY seemed ready to provide fighting units, but there was less enthusiasm for the more prosaic work of supply and maintenance. That would have been easy if it had been possible to use the services of any of the major military powers. But this was a military operation conditioned by delicate political considerations, and even its logistical problems were not susceptible to any obvious or simple solutions.

The Norwegians offered at two days' notice a medical company, and the search for a mobile bath unit was begun. A postage plan for the force was devised and negotiated with all the governments concerned. Problems of post-exchange supplies and recreation were considered. (The base organizer at Naples had found two guitars for the comfort of the Colombians; international soccer matches were soon taking place among the various nationalities.)

As the demands for supporting units changed, the Canadians once again unloaded and reloaded the aircraft carrier *Magnificent*, in order to bring the headquarters units and equipment to Egypt.

Arrival at Abu Suweir

At the request of the Secretary-General, Swissair had curtailed its normal services and made available three DC-6s which, from the morning of November 15, flew a regular service to Abu Suweir, the airfield on the canal near Ismailia which had been chosen by General E. L. M. Burns, the commander of the force, in agreement with the Egyptians. The bill for these flights was paid by the Swiss government.

On November 15 the first units, carried in Swiss aircraft from Naples, landed at Abu Suweir. On that day the aircraft arrival list at Capodichino ran like this:

0900: Canadian plane—1 offr. 4 men, 4 tons equipment
1437: 1 offr. 37 tps. Danish
1630: 1 plane, 17 tons Danish equipment
1645: 8 offrs. and 22 men, Danish
1717: 10 tons of equipment, Danish
1814: 4 offrs. and 58 men, Danish—8 tons equipment
1850: 3 offrs. and 47 men, 12 tons equipment, Norwegian
2015: 1 offr. 6 men, Danish, 15 tons equipment
2120: 1 offr. 3 men, Danish, 3 tons equipment
2200: 5 offrs. 101 men, Danish, 2 tons equipment
2215: 1 offr. Danish. 5 tons equipment
2350: 1 offr. 47 men, Norwegian, 8 tons of equipment

These and all the others except the Yugoslavs and Canadians were collected from Agra, Bogotá, Helsinki, Copenhagen, Oslo, and Stockholm and were delivered by the U.S. Air Force with a minimum of staff work and a maximum of efficiency—with the lack of fuss that might be found in a country school bus service. The Canadian troops flew themselves in.

All this time the team of international civil servants on the thirty-eighth floor, more used to wrestling with the peaceful uses of atomic energy, the arranging of treaties, and the dissemination of statistics than with the organization of the sinews of war, were faced with a host of problems. Telephones rang constantly. You could hear a young man saying, "Then we'll have to charter a ship," or "What's happened to your aircraft carrier?," or "We require clearance for American aircraft over Pakistan, Syria, Turkey, and

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Greece for night of November 17."

When the first troops were safely on the way with ten days' rations per man, the groups turned to long-range problems. Inquiries were addressed to General Burns in Cairo: What should the full strength and composition of the force be? What transport was required? (Only jeeps could accompany the units by air.) What were local facilities for headquarters, communications, accommodations, airfields, etc.? Were tents required? What were the landing facilities at Port Said for the Yugoslavs who were coming by ship?

Arrangements were made with the United States to establish a supply line. Army "C" rations were flown to Naples. Negotiations were begun with the British to sell vehicles, rations, gasoline, and other supplies to the force as it took over from them. A ship stranded in the canal was found to have a cargo of fresh food. Negotiations were opened to buy the food and to use the ship's refrigeration plant for cold storage. The Danes provided a veterinary officer to inspect meat purchased locally.

Over this group Dr. Bunche continued to preside, keeping it in touch with the complexities of the political situation and retailing instructions from the Secretary-General, who was in direct touch with all governments concerned and the Egyptian government in particular.

The status of the force in Egypt was and is delicate, since it is there with the consent of the Egyptian government. This fact inevitably affected its composition and many of the arrangements. A Canadian unit with the proud but temporarily unfortunate title the Queen's Own Regiment of Canada proved not to be acceptable in the initial stages.

Now the improvisation is virtually over, and with an irreducible minimum of friction and confusion a light-armed unit of nearly five thousand men has been set up. General Burns has his staff tables, his establishment, and his headquarters. General Martola of Finland heads a military committee in the United Nations. Nobody can yet define the exact limits and purposes of the force thus created. Certainly, however, UNEF has been set up for the crisis in Egypt and for that alone.

The Town That Became 'Everybody's Test Tube'

DAVID HALBERSTAM

Clinton, Tennessee, a small rural community built around a courthouse in the eastern coal-mining hills of the state, seems in many respects more like a Northern town than a Southern one. There are, for instance, few Negroes on the streets; one sees whites at janitorial duties; and last November the most conspicuous political headquarters housed Republicans. Clinton has

frequently elected Republicans to local offices and the state legislature.

Clinton's Negroes comprise less than five per cent of the population, and according to the mayor's son, "These aren't like the Deep South Negroes. We haven't had integration, but they've never been like the bowing-down ones, always tipping their hats and stepping aside on the street corner. These are people who vote, who call us by our names, and who have self-respect."

Indeed, Clinton became the site for Tennessee's first state-supported school integration because five years ago its Negroes decided they were tired of sending their children twenty miles away to a segregated high school in Knoxville. So they started a long course of litigation for admission to Clinton High, in the middle of which the Supreme Court handed down its school decision. Federal Judge Robert L. Taylor then ordered integration of the high school to get under way in the fall of 1956.

Given the court order, Clinton prepared peacefully—if not voluntarily—to carry it out. The impact of the decision was discussed thoroughly, not only by the P.T.A., the civic clubs, and the local weekly, but in forums among the students themselves. "There's been no trouble here at all," high-school principal D. J. Brittain, Jr., told me on the eve of registration. "The people may not like this by choice, but they realize it's a court order and it's what we have to do. I'm not expecting any trouble." Looking back after four months, the principal's optimistic prediction has proved drastically wrong. Twice in that period Clinton has verged on the brink of a complete breakdown of law and order.

There are several reasons for the breakdown: an outsider who came in to probe beneath the surface of calm until he touched the raw nerves of suppressed resentment; a subsequent split in the white community over an issue so fraught with emotion that almost everybody not directly involved has guarded an uneasy silence about it; and finally the experimental nature of Clinton's desegregation—a case of great importance as a precedent to a number of interested parties. Two forces with a good deal more at stake than the education of 680 white and Negro students have fought back and forth across the field of battle.

"People ask me why Clinton hasn't been able to solve its own problems," one city official said. "I'll tell you why—because no one wants us to, and no one will let us. We're everybody's test tube."

Enter Kasper

When he operated a Greenwich Village bookstore a few years ago, a young man named Frederick John Kasper liked to talk with his Negro

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friends about a man's role in history. In each great man's life, he said, comes a moment when he seizes greatness. "The strong Negroes must lead the weaker ones. If I were a Negro, I'd lead a march on Washington to get something done for my people." He told one Negro friend, an artist named Ted Joans: "Why don't you hang one of your paintings in the Museum of Modern Art? Everyone steals paintings, but no one hangs them. Think of the publicity you'll get."

Joans never hung that painting, but on August 25, 1956, the weekend before school started in Clinton, John Kasper, now executive secretary of the Seaboard White Citizens' Council of Washington, D. C., seized the moment he thought would bring his own moment of greatness. Kasper came to Clinton unannounced, sleeping in his car the night before like a seedy traveling salesman. Then Saturday and Sunday he canvassed the town, looking for dissent. No less an authority on Kasper than Kasper himself gave this account of his purpose: "I'm a rabble rouser. The people of Clinton needed a leader, so I went there to lead them."

Leo Burnett, an accountant at the local Magnet Mills, was washing his car that Saturday afternoon when a tall young stranger cut through his back yard. Without introducing himself, the stranger asked Burnett what he thought about Negroes going to the high school.

"Well, I'm like most of the people here," Burnett answered. "I'm not for it, but my personal feelings don't enter into it. It's inevitable. The court ordered it."

Then Kasper introduced himself and discussed his purpose. "You don't have to obey the law," he said. "The will of the people is supreme.

"Will your wife picket the high school Monday?" he went on. "I've talked to a lot of other people who said they would." Burnett said she wouldn't, and they argued about it for a while. "If our forefathers took your attitude," Kasper said, "we'd still he ruled by England."

"I'm not interested in starting a revolution," was Burnett's answer.

KASPER continued his house-to-house campaign, telling the people they didn't have to obey the law if they didn't want to. By the end of the week Clinton was a battleground. There were riots, cars were rocked, citizens and travelers molested. The following Saturday, a week after Kasper's arrival, the mob seemed to take over, and only a hastily organized home guard of the town's leaders throwing tear gas could keep it down until a hundred state troopers arrived, followed soon by six hundred National Guardsmen, who had been ordered in by Governor Frank Clement. An AP photographer, looking back on the riots, said, "That was worse than Ko-

rea. In Korea we understood that there was a calculated risk, but we never knew what to expect here, and where to expect it from." The sheriff of Anderson County said recently that if the troopers hadn't arrived just in time, at least three or four people would probably have been killed. On August 31, Kasper was convicted of violating a Federal injunction against interfering with racial integration in the Clinton high school.

IT IS almost four months since the riots now, and the people of Clinton still cannot quite understand what happened to their peaceful little town. Oh, to be sure, Kasper was an outsider, and so were the other speakers, and the mob, well, there were license plates from Alabama, Georgia, Mississippi, Virginia, and North Carolina, and other parts of Tennessee. But you can't get around the fact that there were people from Clinton behind Kasper, and there still are.

As the lines have solidified in the town, it becomes increasingly evident that this is not just a split of segregationists and integrationists; that to a large degree it is a class split between Kasper's followers and the rest of the white people in Clinton, in particular the city officials and the more prosperous businessmen of Clinton. While the Negro issue touched off the demonstrations and the Negro remains a symbol to Kasper's group, the hatred of Negroes is only a superficial symptom of the deeper resentment.

"We're segregated, the white community is segregated," one of the city officials told me. "We're broken off into different groups that eye each other with distrust and suspicion and are fighting each other."

Numerically the Kasper group ranges from about 250 to 350, but it is determined and vocal, turning out for every occasion, such as Kasper's trial for sedition in November. The most universal possession of the group is poverty. Many of their children will not attend the high school because, as one woman put it, "I'd rather have them grow up stupid like me than go to school with niggers." Kasper's followers are intense about what they regard as threats to their freedom and moral purity. "We didn't think it was right, us being pushed around by that home guard—we had fought in the Second World War and Korea, and here we were at home and there was no freedom."

'John'll Show 'Em'

The alliance between the mob and its leader is an unusual one: Kasper, the New Jersey-born Columbia graduate in his neat gray suit, his brooding eyes accusing the whole world of persecution, will suddenly brighten as he is surrounded by his followers, reaching out to shake hands with him or just to touch him, whispering in his ear or getting his autograph; then he smiles benignly, a liberator of the downtrodden and oppressed.

Kasper is a study in irony: a twenty-seven-year-old firebrand over-

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powered by a sense of history and his own relation to it but still going against one of its strongest currents; the militant anti-Communist writing a tragedy that can give complete satisfaction only to the Communists; the political crusader with a states' rights pin on his lapel who interrupts his pleas for local sovereignty with prolonged attacks on Tennessee's governor and all of Clinton's elected officials.

"There are a few sincere segregationists in his group," says Buford Lewallen, the mayor's son, "but I'm afraid that they're mostly people opposed to anyone who has achieved a little material success. I guess this is latent in any community, and it just took an anarchist to bring it out. These people aren't so much for segregation as they are *against* something. It happens to be integration, but they're against authority and looking for excitement.

"Kasper talks to them about Blackstone's *Commentaries*, about Ezra Pound, and about his own interpretation of the Constitution, and they love it, even though they never heard of the first two and don't understand the third."

Occasionally, during the tedium of Kasper's trial, I would slip out and talk to his supporters. "John'll show 'em," they said. "He's just as smart as Buford or any of them."

I ASKED two of them what had happened in Clinton. "The trouble was, a lot of people thought they were better than we are. When one bunch rules the roost too long that's bad, and history shows . . ." The sentence was not completed. Kasper's followers almost never mention Negroes except indirectly in the epithet "nigger lover."

"He's a modern Thomas Jefferson," another said of Kasper. "He wants us to have a university so we can all learn how to have a government and run it."

Building Utopia

On the night of November 5 Kasper spoke to his followers on temperance, since, aside from an election, there was to be a liquor referendum the next day. Kasper said he favored temperance because alcohol was a part of the Communist conspiracy. "If you scan some of the lesser known writings of the top Communist officials you find that youth should be encouraged to wealth and luxury and alcohol so that they can be easily manipulated and enslaved." Kasper went on to attack Buford Lewallen for drunkenness and to charge that Lewallen had an interest in setting up a liquor store 150 feet from a church. Kasper had in his hand a petition that would set up a minimum of one thousand feet between the two. Then the college graduate who says he distrusts all educated men told his audience that "the people who can afford to go to college are out to get the people who haven't been and can't afford to go," and that this, too, was part of the Communist conspiracy.

Then came the peroration: "I want to tell you people that you have made history here, that people all over the world are watching what you do and applauding it, and that you have built a great record and a great history. But I don't want you to stop. I want you to make Anderson County the leader for the entire Southland. You have the best people in the world to do it. People would come from all over the world just to see Anderson County as a tourist attraction just because they have heard what a Utopia it is. This is not a pipe dream. This can be done."

Mr. Lewallen's Views

When you ask Buford Lewallen what Kasper has done to his life, he says: "I'm no different from anyone else here. He's shattered it. You start up the street and you don't know whether you'll get there or not. He's set up animosity between people and groups, and thrown the whole town off its center."

Lewallen is typical of those whom Kasper's group resents most bitterly, perhaps as much as they resent Negroes. A successful young lawyer, grandson of the town's first merchant, son of the mayor, Lewallen himself (at twenty-five) was the youngest speaker of the Tennessee House of Representatives in history. As attorney for the school board, Lewallen fought against the desegregation suits for five years. Indeed, at one point during Kasper's early canvassing, Lewallen offered to represent Kasper and his followers free of charge if they had any legal ideas on how to combat the order. Kasper declined and instead invited Lewallen "to join us and become a hero."

"I'm for segregation," Lewallen told me one day, "just as a way of life, and something I grew up with, the same way I'm a Baptist and a Democrat because my parents were Baptists and Democrats and segregationists. During the litigation one of the Negroes was a woman who had been our servant, and I gave the case a lighter side by questioning her along that line: 'Didn't you raise me up from a boy?' I fought the integration suit because I thought it was the right thing to do. But when we received the court order to desegregate, I never had any doubt about what I would do. I've been practicing law for ten years and I've never told a client to violate an order yet, and that's what this would have meant—the school board was my client."

FOR THESE VIEWS Lewallen and a few others such as Principal Brittain have been singled out for constant abuse and a concerted campaign of intimidation—telephone

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threats, burning crosses, and economic pressure. Recently a Kasper follower refused to shake hands "with that goddamn nigger lover" and took a swing at Lewallen, who in his exasperation reached for a gun. He faces trial on this charge in the near future. Although Lewallen says that the majority of the white community is for law and order (as evidenced by the normal attendance figures at the high school and the four-to-one defeat of a slate of candidates backed by the Citizens' Council in a December mayoralty election), the split in the community over so tense and emotional an issue drove most of the law-abiding citizens of Clinton into a fearful silence. The effect of this silence was to further undermine law and order, since the segregationists were so conspicuous by contrast that those of more moderate views seemed to have no support in the community.

When Kasper was acquitted after his sedition trial in November, the wounds were reopened and Kasper's followers began talking tougher than ever. "Things are going to be different around here from now on!" one shouted as the verdict was announced. The next step for them was simple and direct: A chapter of White Youth for America was formed to start an anti-Negro campaign within the school, where up to then racial incidents had been infrequent. It was this campaign that put Principal Brittain in his most

difficult position. How does a man who does not have official backing discipline or expel some forty students? The egg throwing and pushing kept increasing until the Negroes refused to go to school. Pressure also increased against Brittain.

"We wonder how long the people of Clinton," wrote H. V. Wells, Jr., editor of the local weekly, "are going to continue to sit idly by and see their elected officials kicked around merely because they believe in law and order and because they insist that peace be maintained."

Mr. Brittain's Crisis

At this point Brittain became the main target. A native Tennessean and the principal of Clinton High for ten years without incident, he is a thin, bespectacled, hunched, and slightly balding man. "D. J.'s taken more pressure than you or I could ever imagine," a friend said. "He's surrounded and submerged by it, wakes up with it, and goes to bed with it—I don't see how he keeps going." Perhaps it was a kind of hopeless desperation that made Brittain resist the pressure with such determination. "Right now," he said at the height of the riots, "the only thing between that mob and those Negro children is me."

Brittain has received so many threats that he has changed his unlisted telephone number four times. "But now they're trying to hurt me not only by threatening me," he said, "but by boycotting the stores where I do business, and threatening the faculty and trying every other means of intimidation they know. It makes a man feel terrible when he sees his friends hurt because of him."

As the crisis increased Brittain became more and more outspoken. His bitterness extends not only to Kasper and his followers but to the law-abiding citizens of the whole community, including the Anderson County School Board: "How can I feel the same way towards people I knew all my life as friends when they refused to stand up for what is right and found the nearest hole and said, 'I hope it doesn't hurt business'?"

Brittain feels that he has learned some lessons from his painful experience. "There are two things about this desegregation," he has said. "Integrate on a wider basis when you start in the community, and in the state if possible. We were the only school in Tennessee, aside from Oak Ridge, and the only school in the community which desegregated. It allowed the segregationists to concentrate all their efforts and attention here—and remember the people south of us consider Tennessee a key state in which way the trend goes. So they've thrown in a lot here. We're not fighting these people for Clinton or Anderson County. We're fighting for the entire South. The Citizens' Councils are trying to show the South that desegregation will be so unpleasant that no place will want to try it.

"The other thing," he went on, "is that before you go into it, be sure you have your board clearly behind you and know where they stand and where you stand. Otherwise it just isn't worth it."

For until the second series of outbreaks, no group in the community assumed a more neutral position than the school board. Then, when Brittain and half his staff threatened to resign unless they got help and when the Negroes refused to attend school unless they got some guarantee of protection, the board was forced to take a position. At first it offered to pay the Negroes' transportation and tuition to Knox County schools, an offer the Negroes quickly rejected. Then it revealed a deep dilemma that many Southern communities may have to deal with in the future: Each of the six board members favors segregation, but each suddenly found himself the reluctant agent of desegregation. Unlike Brittain and others who had been compelled to take public stands, the board members had never taken any stand at all. But when the chips were down, the board announced that it would support Brittain completely.

'We Need Help'

But how do you support a man completely at this point? Give him power to expel the students and get himself beaten up? Since the school was under a Federal order and there was an injunction preventing anyone from violating that order, the board

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met and asked for Federal aid. "The board's position," it wrote to U.S. Attorney General Herbert Brownell, "is that it has complied with the law in opening the school to all children and that it is the responsibility of others to enforce the injunction if it is to be enforced. The board feels its duty is to obey orders from the Federal government, not to enforce them."

"Look, we're in a tight spot on this," said J. M. Burkhart, a hardware dealer and board member. "We need help on it. It's just too controversial and too hot for us. The government told us what to do, but it didn't tell us how to do it. We're just a little town with no experience in this and we need someone who has the experience. I don't know what kind of Federal assistance we can get—but I know we need it. It's too hot for our local police to handle."

Brownell answered that the Federal government would arrest "all persons" who blocked integration at Clinton, although at the same time he said that primary responsibility for the protection of students rested with local and state officers. The next day Anderson County officials met with Federal officers in nearby Knoxville and drew up a list of sixteen anti-integration leaders, who were promptly arrested and charged with contempt of court. Officials also served notice that the injunction would apply to students using any sort of pressure against the Negroes within the school. Just as Governor Clement's decision to send the National Guard into Clinton was the first invocation of state power to protect an integrated school, this was the first use of the Federal contempt-of-court power to stop agitation against desegregation.

MEANWHILE the trial for the sixteen has been set for January 16, and pro-segregation leaders from throughout the South have rallied for their legal defense. The normal number of students has returned quietly to Clinton High. But beneath the surface, the savage forces John Kasper tried to release and men like Buford Lewallen and D. J. Brittain tried to restrain are still seething, just as they are in many other towns.

VIEWS & REVIEWS

Who Decides What Songs Are Hits?

MARYA MANNES

THERE IS a big song hit called "Hound Dog." It is about a hound dog that cries all the time and never caught a rabbit and isn't high-class and ain't no friend of the singer. If you have escaped it, you are lucky. Millions of Americans haven't, like it or not.

To most of them, the letters ASCAP and BMI are hieroglyphs. Most people don't know or care whether "Hound Dog" or "Love Me Tender" or "Be Bop a Lula" are top song hits or that they are published by BMI. What many of us know about popular music is what we hear on the car radio on long drives or when, insomniac or ill, we turn the knob in search of solace. For the vast majority of Americans, the radio and TV air is filled with songs not only devoid of talent in music and lyrics, but apparently designed for addled adolescents or adults too "gone" to care. Their radio-music diet is provided by an army of disc jockeys on local or network stations who pass the endless hours with chatter or "hit tunes." It is they who, in the last eight years particularly, have reduced perhaps our greatest area of talent—folk music—to the level of "Hound Dog" and the tonal and vocal jitters of rock and roll.

The incurious might accept this condition merely as further evidence of a cultural decline, or as proof of aging ("The songs in *my* youth were much better"), or as a drying up of the creative juices in song writers.

The curious, however, have not been content with these rationalizations. Certainly some of our greatest song writers and lyricists have not. Three years ago, representing the American Society of Composers, Authors and Publishers—ASCAP—they brought a triple damage suit for $150 million against the broadcasting industry and a corporation called Broadcast Music Incorporated (BMI) for what they believed was restraint of trade in the field of music—a restraint that, they complained, not only prevented their songs from competing freely for the public favor but in effect prevented the public from exercising its preference. And now the Celler Report, resulting from the Congressional anti-trust investigation of the past year, is expected to provide more ammunition for claims that BMI exercises undue influence over what popular music Americans are hearing on the air.

The Forming of ASCAP

This did not happen out of the blue: nothing does. Its origin was money and its end is money, its sin is size, and its victim is open competition. And it all began—this story of action and reaction—when ASCAP got too big for its boots.

ASCAP was born in 1914 out of the need to protect composers and song writers from the exploitation of their talents. It was designed to assure them that each performance of their work, whether in concerts, restaurants, night clubs, or on records or, later, over radio, would bring in the revenue due them; and

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a scale of percentages was determined and thereafter exacted from the performers or users in the form of licenses. The money thus obtained through these performance licenses was paid into ASCAP and then paid out proportionately to the members involved.

These members came to include not only the majority of popular music publishers and Tin Pan Alley tunesmiths, many of them "one-shotters," but also the best song writers and lyric writers in America: Irving Berlin, George Gershwin, Jerome Kern, Otto Harbach, Arthur Schwartz, Lorenz Hart, Richard Rodgers, Oscar Hammerstein II, Alan Jay Lerner, Cole Porter, and others. By 1940, ASCAP had acquired a near monopoly over the popular music of the country, and—dizzy with success—presented a new contract to the broadcasters that the networks refused to accept. So complete was *their* rebellion against ASCAP's position and demands in 1940 that for nine months not one ASCAP tune was played on the air. Listening Americans had to be content with the fee-less music of the "public domain": renditions of such tunes as "Jeanie With the Light Brown Hair" and "My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean."

CHARMING as these non-ASCAP relics might be, there was a limit to their acceptance. Radio simply could not operate without the stream of new popular records that filled so much of its broadcasting time. So NBC, CBS, and ABC started to buy up music publishers, guaranteeing the Edward B. Marks Co., as a beginning, $200,000 a year for five years to leave ASCAP. Since ASCAP had by then been judged a monopoly by a Federal court in spite of a much-needed reorganization in its ranks that had altered its structure and modified its terms, the networks had every incentive to act as they did. They had the bit in their teeth, and the next logical step was the formation of a sort of "company union" through which the broadcasters could control the music they played on the air and dictate its terms of payment. They called this new organization—designed to save the networks money and provide much-needed competition to the giant

ASCAP—"Broadcast Music Incorporated." BMI was and is owned and operated solely by the broadcasters. Its board of directors is made up of vice-presidents from NBC, CBS, and ABC; until recently a Mutual Broadcasting System vice-president was also on the board.

Unheard, Unmissed

For eight years, ASCAP, still the mammoth in the music world since it had by far the biggest list and the biggest names in both popular and "serious" composition, existed peaceably enough with the small BMI, which specialized largely in hillbilly and Latin-American music, and which still—in spite of its present alleged monopoly—considers itself the David to ASCAP's Goliath.

But in 1948 a document called "The ABC of BMI" was published and distributed by BMI to all its affiliated broadcasters. It contained this chilling statement:

"The public selects its favorites from the music which it hears and does not miss what it does not hear."

In the same year an article appeared in *Broadcasting-Telecasting* magazine by Murray Arnold, the program director of Station WIP in Philadelphia. Mr. Arnold wrote:

"For the next three months, let each station start programming 70 per cent ASCAP and 30 per cent BMI. For the following six months, change the percentage to 60 per cent ASCAP and 40 per cent BMI. After that, 50 per cent ASCAP and 50 per cent BMI. By this means, the acceptance of the song hits America sings will veer over from ASCAP to BMI more equitably.

"Don't forget one important angle. People can't like a song if they don't *hear* it. They won't be able to know all ASCAP songs, because we won't be playing them."

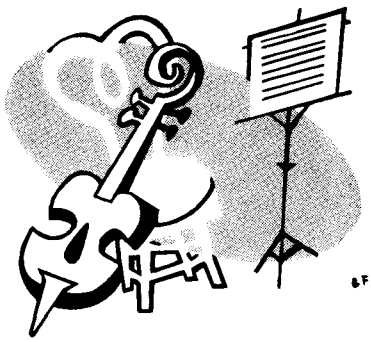
There were other practices. One was the sending of BMI "Music Memos" to every station in the country, describing current phonograph records sent by BMI for plugging. "This is a BMI number," it said, "meaning it is your own music. Be careful of the other side of this disc, it is *not* a BMI tune!"

In an article published in the New York *Herald Tribune* in September, 1956, John Crosby described further evidences of suppression of songs by ASCAP composers coupled with a constant promotion of BMI songs. These were mostly in the form of statements made in September at the Celler subcommittee hearings.

"Probably the most damaging charge was a telegram sent by Frank Sinatra who said that Mitch Miller at Columbia Records 'suddenly . . . began to present many, many inferior songs, all curiously bearing the BMI label.' His career went into a decline, the singer said, until he went to Capitol Records where he could pick his own songs."

Crosby also reported that Richard Adler, composer of the songs for *Pajama Game* and *Damn Yankees,* related how when he toured the country to plug his shows he was told at station after station that they could not play his songs because they were ASCAP, not BMI.

Steve Allen, in a necessarily guarded statement made last September, said, "As a former employee of a



radio station I can recall vigorous efforts made on behalf of BMI programming and a great deal of their music."

Oscar Hammerstein II, unquestionably one of America's top lyric writers, stated at the same September hearing: "No song can be popular today without being sung on television and radio. The broadcasting interests, therefore, have a power that

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is unique and fearful. They can determine whose music shall be heard and how often. The danger of this power is increased by the fact that they have many songs of their own, put out by their own publishing companies. This power carries with it a grave responsibility, and there is strong and alarming evidence that this responsibility is being ignored, and that unfair preference has been given to broadcast-owned songs at the expense of works written by composers and authors who are not in the employ of the broadcasters' publishing organization."

ASCAP member Billy Rose was far more vehement. "I think that the radio and TV networks and the independently owned stations, through their joint control of more than a thousand BMI publishing firms and two of the top record companies [RCA and Columbia], are largely responsible for the low level of our popular songs these days. . . . Not only are most of the BMI songs junk, but in many cases they are obscene junk. . . . An ASCAP standard like 'Love Me and the World Is Mine' has been replaced by 'I Beeped When I Shoulda Booped.' It's the current climate on radio and TV. . . . Today, it's a set of untalented twitchers and twisters whose appeal is largely to the zoot-suiter and juvenile delinquent." Mr. Rose apparently forgot that the record which launched rock and roll was "Rock Around the Clock"—an ASCAP product. ASCAP, moreover, is sufficiently venal to make its own hay out of this particular harvest, even if BMI had an edge with Elvis Presley and his imitators.

Rose went on to say that he spent the summer in five of the Communist countries and heard more of the memorable melodies of Gershwin, Berlin, Rodgers, and Kern played there than he had heard in a long time. "Our best musical talents seem to be having an easier time crashing through the Iron Curtain than through the Electronic Curtain which the broadcasting companies have set up through their three-way control of the airwaves. . . ."

BMI's Defense

To these and many similar complaints from our top song writers and musicians, BMI and the networks have plausible answers, which might be paraphrased thus:

"These big names are griping because their songs aren't played as much as they used to be, but haven't they had their day? Isn't there a limit to how often the public can hear a song, no matter how good? Isn't it possible that people want a new musical diet on the air, and is it our fault if we give it to them? Anyway, what's ASCAP beefing about? Their music still dominates the airwaves."

Dr. Frank Stanton, president of CBS, introduced figures for 1954 showing that on CBS Television eighty per cent of the tunes played were ASCAP while on CBS Radio the ASCAP percentage was seventy-four.

These figures would be more impressive if the networks had pointed out that the great balance of ASCAP is in classic and standard categories,

and that if a breakdown were made of the alleged edge over BMI performance, it would show that no more than ten to fifteen per cent of that ASCAP majority accounts for performances of new songs. BMI, on the contrary, is concerned primarily with the issuance of relatively new material, having well over two thousand affiliate publishing houses in all parts of the world, including Canada, where the preferential setup parallels the situation here. It dominates the fields of music known as rhythm and blues, country and Western, and Latin-American.

A List of Mysteries

In a letter to the New York *Times* in October, 1956, Representative Emanuel Celler referred to a statement made by Jack Gould and known to all song writers that "a song cannot very well become a hit if it is not heard. The evidence presented to the subcommittee made it clear that unless a song is played on radio or television it has little or no chance of being heard by enough people to make it a hit. Consequently the broadcasters have the power to make or break a song. . . . ASCAP's largest source of revenue," he continued, "is derived from licensing its songs for use by broadcasters. When current contracts . . . expire, it will be possible for broadcasters to refuse to renew the contract with ASCAP unless ASCAP accepts a lower licensing fee. If ASCAP refuses, the broadcasters can stop playing ASCAP music the same as they did in 1940-1941."

Even if such fears are unwarranted and the ASCAP case has been overstated and no acceptable proofs are found of restraint of trade on the part of the networks, there are some strange things to explain. One concerns a BMI ad in *Variety* in 1953 which stated that in the previous fifty weeks, BMI songs had achieved No. 1 position thirty-seven weeks, No. 2 position thirty-one weeks, and No. 3 position thirty-one weeks. As late as September, 1956, *Cash Box* magazine reported that of the top ten tunes, seven were BMI and three ASCAP, of which one was a revival.

"Years ago before the broadcasters formed BMI," wrote Crosby, "hit Broadway shows . . . almost automatically produced hit songs." This is still true when a hit show—*My Fair Lady,* for instance—is 100 per cent co-owned by one of the broadcasters, in this case CBS. But what happened to the songs in Cole Porter's *Can-Can,* which ran on Broadway for two years? People remember "I Love Paris" as a hit song, but it wasn't—for the simple reason that it wasn't played much on the air. And what about *The King and I*—surely one of the loveliest scores written by Richard Rodgers? How often have you heard "Hello, Young Lovers" compared, say, to "Blue Suede Shoes?" And what about the wonderful songs Lerner and Loewe wrote for *Paint Your Wagon?* The hit tunes in *Brigadoon?* Arthur Schwartz's charming songs in *A Tree Grows in Brooklyn?*

Even more mysterious are the performance figures for twenty-four of the most famous ASCAP "standards"—tunes that have been public favorites for decades because their melodies have entered into our folk music. In

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1948, before BMI's heyday, Gershwin's "I Got Rhythm" was performed more than eighteen thousand times; in 1955, some seven thousand. In 1948, Rodgers and Hart's "My Heart Stood Still" was played more than ten thousand times; in 1955, about five thousand. In 1948, Kern and Harbach's "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes" had twenty-three thousand performances; in 1955, about eight thousand.

If the public tires of old favorites, why does it suddenly tire within precisely that span of years when BMI was in the ascendant?

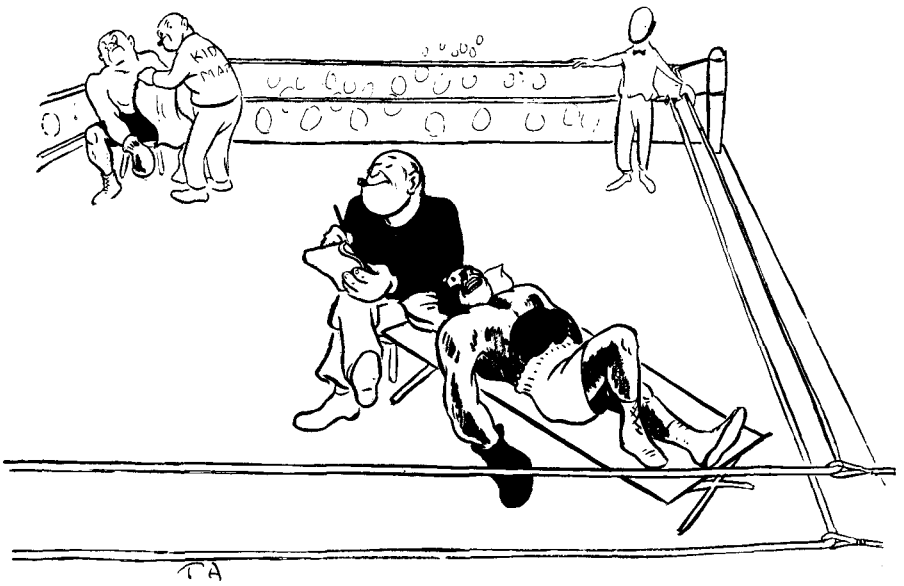
Have They Run Dry?

There would be less cause for complaint if during those same years new song-writing talent had emerged that could delight the ear as Kern and Rodgers and Porter have done for decades. But where is it?

It is patently absurd to say that all ASCAP music is good and all BMI music is poor. They have both produced inanities and mediocrities, and each has contributed pleasant songs on occasion. But some case could be made in the comparison of hit song titles during the last three years, musical and lyric illiteracy weighted heavily on the BMI side: "Sh Boom," "Shake, Rattle, and Roll," "See You Later, Alligator," and the more recent "Be Bop a Lula" and "Hound Dog." ASCAP has perpetrated its own follies, but its biggest hits include songs of some lyrical distinction, like "Hey There," "Three Coins in the Fountain," "Love Is a Many Splendored Thing," and "Ebb Tide."

Why, finally, should all our finest song writers dry up within eight years? They are neither old nor unproductive. But they are not heard. And if they are not heard, how is it possible for the American public to choose what it wants most to hear?

This is the crux of the matter. And this is what the Celler Report, due this month, should help to clarify. Popular music may be a small area in the general cultural realm, but it may serve to point out the dangers of bigness in the communications empires: a bigness which can at times give us great benefits, but which can also throttle individual talent at one end and impoverish the public ear at the other.



The Manly Art, From Freud to Floyd

JOSH GREENFELD

WHEN the twenty-one-year-old Floyd Patterson stopped the venerable Archie Moore in the fifth round of their bout in Chicago last November, not only did he establish himself as the youngest of all heavyweight champions, but he also scored a decisive victory for the psychoanalytical school of boxing. For the past several years, the chief academician of this school has been none other than Patterson's manager, the highly articulate and scientifically minded Gus D'Amato. D'Amato, who in successfully guiding Patterson to boxing's biggest prize managed to avoid the heartbreaks and pitfalls implicit in the bitter business, has long been regarded as an anomaly along the culturally unwashed shores of Jacobs Beach. Not in appearance—D'Amato is a short, powerful man with a wrestler's build who bears a strong resemblance to movie actor Rod Steiger. But he is a fierce independent, maintaining his own gymnasium on New York's East Side. He also maintains his own brand of independent thinking. To D'Amato, the differences in boxing are psychological. "When I tell the other managers up at Stillman's it's all mental," he reported, "they look at me like I'm a gool and twirl their fingers around their ears."

I met D'Amato early one morning last October in front of his gymnasium on Fourteenth Street. We were to drive out to Patterson's training camp at Greenwood Lake. Under one arm he was carrying boxing equipment—tape, supporters, gloves; under the other he clutched some Ellery Queen mysteries; and incongruously perched on his head was a black Homburg. "I bring Floyd the best equipment," he said, unburdening himself of his packages as he got into the car. "He's going to be a champion, so I treat him like a champion." The mystery stories were for himself. "I enjoy the logic of how they're put together," he explained. "I like to figure out how the author figured out what he was going to do."

The Function of Fear

The contract negotiations for the Moore bout had run into a snarl, but D'Amato was unconcerned. "In the end they got to fight me. I got the

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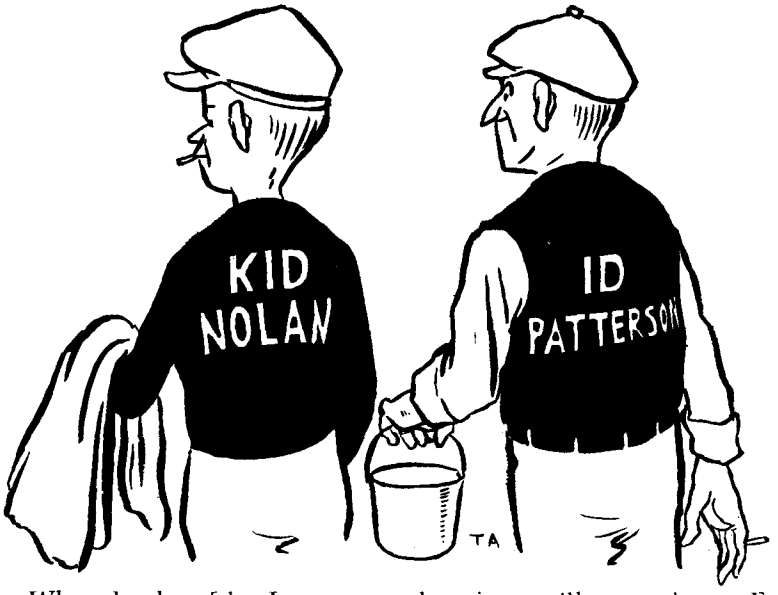

fighter. What do they [the International Boxing Club] have? All they have is money. You can't put two boys in the ring and have them throw money at each other. That won't draw a crowd. Prizefighting is a competitive form of entertainment."

D'Amato speaks with a considered slowness, always carefully trying to choose the right word. One of the main points of dispute in the contract negotiations was the determination of site for the prospective fight. "I don't want Chicago for two reasons," said D'Amato. "First because it's a foreign city and naturally I like my home territory better. And second I think it's a New York-type fight and we'll do better business here." (The fight, of course, was eventually held in Chicago, but many boxing experts agree with D'Amato's commercial analysis.)

As we passed through the Holland Tunnel, D'Amato spoke about himself and his boxing theories. "I grew up in this business. I remember Jack Dempsey when he first came in from the West. I been twenty-two years managing except for a gap when I was in the Army. And that's where I learned the most. Because the Army taught me a lot about the psychology of a fighting man. When I came out of the service and returned to my profession I decided I would develop a scientific system which took into account all the obstacles to being a fighter.

"In order to find out anything, you got to be honest, not ashamed, otherwise you'll never learn. Fear—that's right, fear—I found out is the big item. Any boy stepping into a ring, or any G.I. meeting an enemy in war, should be afraid and know he's afraid. By knowing it, he can master it. So I told all my boys: 'Fear is like a fire. If you let it run loose it can destroy you. If you control it, it can work wonders for you.'

"The second item which is an obstacle to a fighter is the imagination. That can run wild and build fear way out of line to the actual situation. Like at a weigh-in, it can make your opponent look twice as big and strong as he is.

"Once you get a boy to be honest enough to recognize his fear and what his imagination can do with it, then he'll want to learn his trade and develop his skills so he can become his own master."

As a manager, D'Amato has handled only two fighters who could not acknowledge their fear. One was a "dummy," a boy who was deaf and dumb, who by some quirk couldn't feel physical pain. According to D'Amato his development to his full potential as a fighter was thereby stymied. The other was an East Side tough who would just wade in and take punishment, refusing to admit that he could be hurt. "It was inhuman the way he was so unafraid," said D'Amato. "You know what I finally did? Sent him to a psychiatrist."

When we reached the camp at Greenwood Lake, Patterson was out, busy doing his roadwork. "C'mon," D'Amato said to me. "Meanwhile I want to show you something." I followed him down a driveway to a parking lot along the lake shore. There stood a new white-wall-tired Cadillac convertible. "I'm in hock," D'Amato told me with a wink, "but I insisted that Floyd get a new car. Do you know why? I wanted he should feel a sense of progress."

We climbed up the hill, D'Amato rhapsodizing about the country air, then returned. Soon Patterson shuffled in. D'Amato greeted him warmly and unwrapped the packages he had brought. He held up a pair of black boxing gloves. "These are only to wear for the photographers," he explained, "but aren't they beautiful, Floyd?" Patterson tried them on, rolled his right fist into the palm of his left hand, then cuffed D'Amato lightly on the chin.

Patterson went upstairs to change. D'Amato restlessly watched a television program for a moment, then turned away. "I'm very narrow-minded," he said. "My only interest is boxing. Once the boys up the gym said I should watch this Godfrey on television, he was very good. So I asked them how much did he weigh, and they all bust up."

Strong Back

Upstairs in the gymnasium, Patterson began his workout on the big bag. When we entered, D'Amato paused in stunned admiration. "Look at his back!" I looked but saw nothing but heavily muscled, swarthy skin. He led me over to Patterson. "Floyd, let me feel your back." He ran my hand over Patterson's back. "See how close his muscles lie to his bones. That's what gives him his unusual punching power." Patterson was good-naturedly indifferent to the proceedings until D'Amato added, "That's why he's going to be champion." Patterson smiled shyly. "The old psychology, huh, Gus?" he said.

The bell rang and Patterson entered the ring with a sparring partner. D'Amato and I sat down on a bench and watched the session. "I always knew Floyd would make it," D'Amato said. "He's had all the natural benefits. First, he comes from a large family. That means he was never coddled. Second, he's from a rough neighborhood, so he had to

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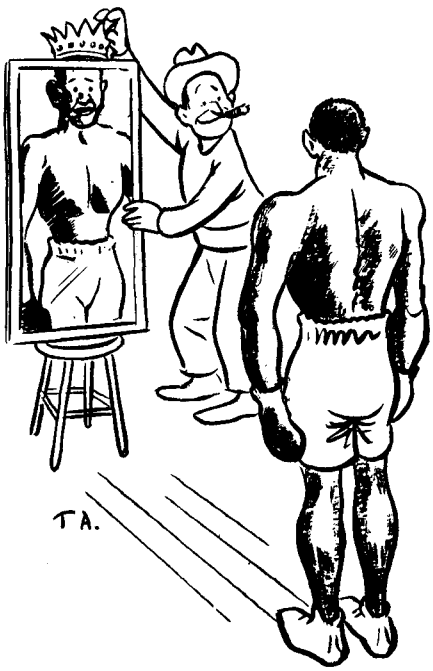
learn to fend for himself. And since he had the determination to master his fear, he was always a good pupil. I scientifically taught him one lesson at a time. When he had the confidence I went on to the next, until now he's a proven fighter in all respects. I never intimidate him. I figured if I could intimidate him anybody could. And after all, what a fighter does in the ring is the expression of his personality. Everybody's got to express himself, and fighting is a fighter's way."

I asked him why he thought Patterson turned to prizefighting as his particular vehicle for expression. "Well, Floyd doesn't like to talk very much. That's one thing. When he first came to me he'd just grunt. But had a lot to get off his chest." In the ring Patterson pounded his sparring partner with a quick flurry.

THAT EVENING, as we drove through northern New Jersey in the dusk, D'Amato returned to the subject of fear. "My boy has a very big fear. I don't know why and I don't want to know. But that's what makes him great." Later, as we recrossed the Hudson, he said: "You take this here city. It goes on fear. You stop being afraid for twenty-four hours and you know what'd happen? You'd be dead."

I left him at Fourteenth Street and Irving Place. He looked to both sides carefully before crossing the street and heading toward his gym.



The Residence Hotel

A Short Story

JAMES T. McCARTIN

FOR my first three years at Columbia I lived in dormitories, but in my senior year I decided to take one of the countless rooms in the great beehives of residential hotels in the area. My funds being limited, I moved to Sandler Hall, a hotel which had so fallen from its former exclusiveness that the only evidence of the past was a great, ugly Edwardian lamp that dimly lit the entrance way when the other lights went out at twelve o'clock.

My room there was a dirty cubicle that faced the wall of an apartment house six feet away. The room never got more than a hint of sunlight from either end of the alley on which I lived, and in order to keep it remotely presentable I had to do the cleaning myself. Even then, nothing could make the old lime-green paint look fresh, and the brown, cloudlike stains on the ceiling were a clear symbol of overbearing shabbiness. Nevertheless, I did have the use of a community kitchen, and by buying a few cheap utensils I was able to cut my food bills in half. I can't say that I ever felt that this small room was "home," but I didn't particularly mind its ugliness, and I was comfortable. I wanted time to write, and had to live cheaply. Sandler Hall allowed me to do both.

ON MY FIRST Sunday there I was making breakfast in the kitchen when I heard a slow, scraping step along the corridor, the unmistakable sound of an old person in cloth slippers. The old lady who came was no more than four feet tall. I later found out that she was ninety-five years old, and she looked every bit of it. Her skin was furrowed like the bark of an old tree, her body terribly frail, her arms thin sticks covered with delicate wrinkled skin that seemed poor protection for the great purple arteries which showed beneath. She was exceedingly ugly, but her eyes seemed bright and sharp and her face was cunning and alert. She stared at me without surprise and immediately began talking.

"You're Mr. McCartin, aren't you? I'm Mrs. Early. I'm glad we got someone new in that room. I hope you're going to stay for a while. Ever since Mr. Hagan died in that room there's been an endless coming and going, and it makes it very hard to have any kind of order in the kitchen. Are you going to stay here long?"

"I think I'll be here a year or so."

"That's good. You can have those shelves on top there. I'm too small to reach up high, and you're big, so you won't have any trouble. You can use anything you want of mine, so long as you clean it afterwards. I don't care. So long as everything is clean, I don't care."

Saying this, she left, and I didn't see her for a few more days.

I respected the privacy her manners showed she wanted, but gradually I became friendly with her, and I was pleased to meet her in the kitchen. She wore clothes of a vague elegance, but there was no attempt at prettiness, or any pathetic endeavor to impress the world with her former greatness, the delusion so many old women live under and seek to foster as they spend their last dark days in cheap hotels. And she didn't seem to have a bit of fear, although she looked so frail you would think she would be perpetually afraid of falling and hurting herself.

LIKE ME, Mrs. Early was an inveterate coffee drinker, and we took to using each other's coffee when either of us ran out of our own. It was some time, though, before I was able to talk easily with her, not only because she was reserved but because her deafness made it necessary to shout in order to be heard, and I was too shy to feel comfortable speaking at the top of my voice, especially since our conversations would in-

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variably consist of expressions of appreciation for the use of her coffeepot, or offers of sugar or milk, or a warning that the streets were rather slippery.

Her voice was high and sharp, and occasionally she would punctuate a sentence with a little laugh, as if she thought that a great deal of our conversation was foolishness. As we became friendlier, she told me something of herself, but always casually,

her facts dropping pertinently to the situation at hand. Thus when I had a cold I learned that her husband had been a doctor, and when she was polishing a spoon that when she was a child her family had a maid who polished all the silverware. That was when she was living in Greenwich Village, "when it really was a village, not the way it is now."

Yet even after we had known each other for months we spoke only for a few minutes at a time, and though the conversations were pleasant, we were hardly close. She was the aristocratic old lady down the hall who was meticulous in the kitchen, who drank eight cups of coffee daily, and who never complained about my typing well into the night; and I was only another one of the people who moved in and out of a neighboring room.

One of her special charms was the fact that she couldn't hear the clatter of my typing, but one night when I was up unusually late I thought that even she, deaf though she was, had had enough of my noise. I heard the scuffle of carpeted feet coming down the hall and finally a knock on my door. I jumped up and opened it, willing to admit my guilt and to promise my old lady that I would stop. When I opened it, I was shocked to find, not Mrs. Early, but someone closely resembling a witch, an old woman with long, uncontrolled gray hair, a bearded chin, and dull, uncomprehending eyes. She looked totally mad, and she frightened me. After looking past me for a few moments she brushed me aside and came into the room, mumbling, "It's mine, I live here." I could have held her back, but she looked so totally devoid of reason that it seemed unwise to bother her. She paced back and forth and finally stopped and looked at me and said in a quiet but imperious voice: "It's my room. It's mine. You get out. Get out of here."

My patience is limited, even with old women, and I decided to end the intrusion. I called Hazel, the switchboard operator, who was also the elevator operator, and now, it seemed, the hotel bouncer as well. When I told her what had happened, she answered in her dull, whining voice, "Oh, her. If she's not singing, she's pushing her way into other people's rooms. I'll take care of her." She came up immediately, and said with a sharpness I didn't know she possessed: "You get out of this room immediately, Madame Tardini. It isn't yours. Go to your own room."

Madame Tardini rubbed her beard for a moment, and then left the room whimpering. Hazel was quite matter-of-fact about it, so I gathered that the incident was not unusual. She smiled sadly and shook her head. "She gets worse all the time. When she first lived here, she had a whole apartment to herself, not just a little room, and every once in a while she thinks she's back in the old days."

For a while the incident with Madame Tardini depressed me a little. But my spirits are generally high, and I had almost forgotten it when Mrs. Early invited me to have coffee in her room. I was tempted to ask her about Madame Tardini, until I remembered that Mrs. Early had once told me that she didn't have anything to do with the people in the building, and that she didn't like gossip. She had also told me that she didn't like old people, and that she had refused to live in an old ladies' home because old women were frivolous and dependent. So I decided not to impose my curiosity on her, especially since I was flattered that she had invited me to her room, and I was content to let her choose what we'd talk about.

Her room was tiny, but she kept it neat and well lit. She had set a card table formally, and had carefully arranged an immaculate white tablecloth so that a mended spot was almost concealed against a wall. A short time before the visit I had given her an English bone-china cup and saucer, and I think that she had invited me partly to show how much she appreciated it. Her manners were gracious and completely relaxed, and her conversation easy. It was as if I were sitting in her family house on old Bleecker Street, and I felt formal even though I was sitting on the foot of her bed, the room having only one chair.

As we drank our coffee, she pointed to a small end table with a bookstand beneath it, where she had a cheap set of Dickens. I think it had been given away years ago by some newspaper, and volumes of it are in all the secondhand bookstores on Fourth Avenue. She took out one of the volumes and showed it to me.

"I was reading Dickens just now. *Our Mutual Friend*. Do you like Dickens?"

"Yes. Very much."

"My father used to read him to me when I was a litle girl. I don't read any new books. I'm too old. I don't try to keep up with things any more. That's why I don't have anything valuable in the room. When

you die the police come and look through everything, so I gave away everything good I had. I don't want strangers touching them."

She didn't mention the book again, but she did continue talking pleasantly. She told me that her father had been quite prosperous, and that they had a large house. She had married a doctor fifteen years her senior, and he had died almost forty years ago. They had had a son, but he died at thirteen.

"I have no one now, except a

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godson who says I can live with him. But I don't want to. I'm too used to being alone. I can't live with anyone. I'm too used to having my own way. I get lonesome sometimes, because it's not always easy to be alone. When you're young loneliness has the meaning of changing things and leading somewhere else, but when you're old it only has a meaning in itself. But I suppose at least I'm old enough not to care that I live like this."

She sat with straight-backed independence, and with a dignity that made her surroundings seem irrelevant. She had her daily promenades or bus rides through the city, and she had her church downtown on Sunday, and she was satisfied with life. I enjoyed being with her that night, but I realized that our common bond was our isolated lives in Sandler Hall.

I KNEW that my being alone was, as she said, a way of changing things, but occasionally I was sorry that at midnight the switchboard was closed and the outside door locked, preventing any late visiting. It was this ceremonial locking of the doors that caused me to be shocked one night at two o'clock when I heard a loud and frantic knocking at my door. I opened it and found Hazel, the switchboard operator, looking very distressed. Her voice quavered half from dismay and half from anger.

"Mr. McCartin, I hate to disturb you, but I wish you'd help me. That crazy old lady's acting up something terrible." I followed her into the hallway, where I heard an unearthly shrieking sound, something between the sound of a shrill reed instrument and an animal cry. As we rushed down the hall the sound became louder, and finally we stopped outside a room, the door of which was slightly ajar. Hazel pointed to it, and said in her usual plaintive way, "I can't open it more than that. Do you think you can? I've had so many complaints about her."

SOMETHING was blocking the door, but with a great push I opened it, hurling aside a cardboard carton filled with papers. The room was hideously upset and filthy, with papers and clothes all over the un-

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made bed and dirty floor; and in the middle of the room I saw the old lady who had forced her way into my room. She was sitting on the floor in a strange bespangled gown, her face hideously covered with make-up from a box that was overturned beside her, and she was holding a hand mirror and singing to the image of her face as she aimlessly combed her hair. The sounds she made were like no song I had ever heard. "She's been singing like this since morning. She must have been sitting here all that time."

I picked up some of the papers from the floor and saw that they were programs and notices of the "Incomparable Madame Tardini, the American nightingale." There was a picture of her, too, and she had been beautiful. I felt ashamed of my intrusion. She needed no care, nor did anyone need protection from her insanity. But I stayed until the ambulance came for her, and watched them take her away.

As I turned to go back to my room I saw Mrs. Early watching the departure and weeping silently. When she realized that I had seen her, she started to return to her own room. I followed her, catching up with her just before she closed the door.

"Mrs. Early."

She rested one thin hand on my shoulder, and covered her face with the other as she looked down to conceal her tears.

"Oh, Mr. McCartin . . . She was singing, wasn't she?"

"Yes, she was. She's very sick."

"No. She's very old."

I DIDN'T know what to say and merely rested my hand on her shoulder until she spoke again.

"She was so beautiful when I first saw her, like a summer night. I couldn't talk to her because she would only talk about the past, and I know that you can't grasp time, although an old woman only has her memories and dignity."

I asked her if she would have coffee with me, and she assented and we sat and talked. Though she wasn't aware of it, she spoke only of the past; but she was giving a bit of it to me, rather than living there alone, and I suppose that made the difference.

A Friendly Investigation Of J. Edgar Hoover

WALTER MILLIS

THE FBI STORY: A REPORT TO THE PEOPLE, by Don Whitehead, with foreword by J. Edgar Hoover. *Random House. $4.95.*

It is absurd, as Mr. Whitehead points out in his summation, to call the FBI a Gestapo; but as he also suggests, it is not so absurd to consider the possibility of its tending in that direction. If it is not a secret political police, it is at least a secret police with large political interests and influence and not a few controversial implications. As the first formal, officially sponsored, and "inside" history of the agency, this book is of considerable importance—both for some of the things it says and for some of its omissions.

Not many of the facts are new; the FBI's undoubted talent for public relations has made most of them familiar. Here is the established story—the inefficient beginnings; the politics of the Palmer-Daugherty period; the arrival of Harlan F. Stone as Attorney General and his selection of the incorruptible young J. Edgar Hoover to head the Bureau; Mr. Hoover's remarkable success in transforming the FBI from a sorry bunch of political flatfeet into a corps of professional policemen, trained in law and pistol shooting and expert in scientific detection methods. Here is the war against the gangsters, the entrapment and destruction of Dillinger, the kidnaping cases, the campaigns against sabotage and espionage during the Second World War, and (less frankly discussed) the war upon Communist subversion, which grew only in part out of the wartime security operations.

THE ACTUAL yield of the FBI's wartime work seems to have been rather modest. It penetrated a number of German spy rings, though it is not clear that their information was of major military significance. The Soviet atomic espionage was missed altogether at the time, though we are given the curious detail that the FBI itself first learned of the existence of the atomic-bomb project through its surveillance of West Coast Communists. And despite the almost hysterical preoccupation with sabotage, there was not a single case of even attempted sabotage throughout the war. (The three fainthearted sabotage teams landed from U-boats made no effort to carry out their missions.)

The author leaves the inference that our immunity was due to the

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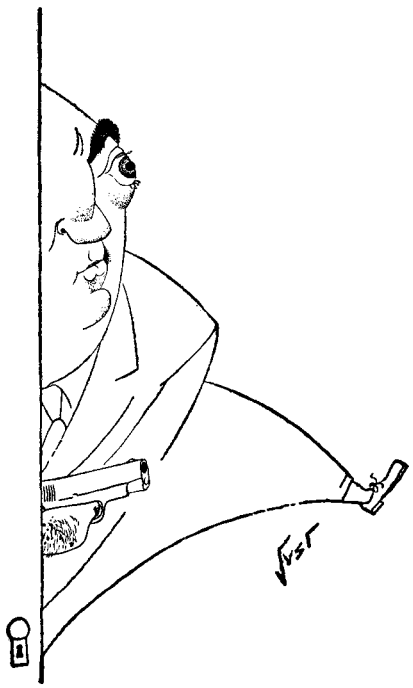
skill with which the FBI identified beforehand all the really dangerous enemy aliens and the promptness with which it interned them on the outbreak of hostilities. This is not persuasive, for it could not intern citizens, among whom the potential saboteurs were more likely to be found. Yet the sabotage danger, and the theory that it is best combated by identifying potential saboteurs in advance, remain at the foundation of the FBI's war on subversion and of the enormous "security" structure it has helped create.

Mr. Hoover's Crusade

Mr. Hoover came early to his interest in Communist subversion. We are told that as far back as 1920, when he was assigned to a study of the subject, he became convinced that in Communism he was dealing with "a conspiracy, centered in Moscow . . . a conspiracy against history itself. It was a conspiracy to destroy totally and completely the religion, governments, institutions and thinking of the Judaic-Christian world, the Buddhist world, the Moslemic world and all religious beliefs." While this was scarcely an accurate analysis of the American Communist movement of the time, it may explain the strongly religious note in the FBI's later campaigns against Communism.

Subversion (they used to call it "radicalism," but the term is no longer used in the FBI) does not appear as such in the statutes as a Federal crime, and it was not at first a major interest. But in 1936 President Roosevelt called in Mr. Hoover to ask for a "broad intelligence picture" of the activities of Communists,

Fascists, and "other subversive groups." With the approach of war, the FBI was given responsibility for investigating "espionage, sabotage and violations of neutrality regulations," and it was simple for the Bureau to extend its interest more generally to the subversion out of which the statutory crimes were assumed to grow. In January, 1940, Mr. Hoover announced the creation of the General Intelligence Division of the FBI to have "supervision of espionage, sabotage and other subversive activities."



UNFORTUNATELY, the author remains silent on many of the more controversial details of the FBI's subsequent war upon Communism. Harvey Matusow's name occurs only in a footnote. The treatment of Mr. Hoover's subtle part in Attorney General Brownell's attack on President Truman is quite inadequate. Finally, we learn that Mr. Hoover is not yet prepared to give a frank, straightforward account of the atomic espionage cases. These were the FBI's great triumph, and vast inferences have been raised upon them as to the nature of the Communist peril and the means of combating it. Yet the many obscure points about the FBI's handling of these cases remain obscure still.

This ostensible "report to the people" fails to supply the amount or kind of information about our secret police that would be necessary to gauge fairly its adequacy, its efficiency, its motivations, and its political and social implications.

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The Western Experts Look at Soviet Strength

COLONEL W. R. KINTNER

THE RED ARMY. Edited by B. H. Liddell Hart. *Harcourt. Brace. $6.*

The brutal suppression of the Hungarian revolution by Soviet forces was doubtless made possible by occupation soldiers who "could be depended on to carry out and enforce orders without regard to sense or personal feeling." The fact that the Red Army, prime instrument of Soviet Power, has apparently changed so little in fundamental character makes B. H. Liddell Hart's latest book, from which the above observation is taken, particularly timely. As long as Soviet military leaders continue to support Communism, this ideologically tattered movement can survive in eastern Europe.

Despite the efforts of the western world to produce a military strategy geared primarily to nuclear warheads, supersonic aircraft, and ballistic missiles, western statesmen and strategists have not been able to exorcise the specter of the Red Army from their counsels. Soviet success in developing strategic air forces and the world's largest submarine fleet was not achieved at the expense of ground troops. True, there has been some reduction in their numbers, but this has been balanced by a steady program of army modernization. On the strength of the manpower reduction the British are said to have suggested, at the December meeting of the NATO Council, that SHAPE land forces be reduced so that only a thin line—a "trip wire"—would divide the West from the land striking power of the Soviet Union—a concept implying a belief that the Kremlin has no intention of again making book on the Red Army.

LIDDELL HART'S effort represents a counterbalance designed "to provide a reliable account, and comprehensive picture, of the Soviet Army in all its aspects." The services of many outstanding writers were enlisted in this attempt to piece together "the knowledge of . . . experts in various countries who have made a special study, or have had direct experience, of particular aspects and organs of this Army." The roll call is impressive, including such notables as Generals Maxime Weygand, Heinz Guderian, and A. Guillaume, and many other British, French, and American students of the military art.

I read the work with considerable expectation, seeking insight into what Marshal Zhukov meant when he told the Twentieth Congress of the Communist Party in February, 1956, that "we are building up the armed forces on the basic assumption that the means and forms of the future war will differ from past war in many respects."

But this survey of the revolution of the Red Army proved to be far more of a history than an acute analysis of the present organization or a presentation of concepts for future developments. Its chief value lies in revealing those aspects of Soviet military tradition and the psychology of the Russian soldier which we are likely to face in the future, regardless of the tactics, organization, or weapons the Soviet forces may employ.

Contention and Contradiction

Since 1945 the Soviet Army has undergone two major reorganizations. Supposedly, the changes effected in the tactics and organizational structure of the Red Army were designed to give it much greater tactical flexibility and adaptability for meeting the requirements of atomic conflict, while at the same time retaining its power for conventional operations. It would be almost too much to expect a clear picture of the significance and scope of these reorganizations to emerge from the twenty-odd separate chapters that make up the second half of the book, particularly when individual contributions vary in quality and in perception. Furthermore, there are a number of readily apparent contradictions.

Some of the authors contend that although the Soviet high command is well aware of the need for making changes in both organization and tactics, it has been impossible for the Kremlin to make more than marginal improvements. On one extreme we are told that the Soviet system cannot adequately foster the individual initiative and decentralization of command that modern warfare requires. On the other hand, from the record of the last war we are advised that "the Soviet command has shown that it was willing to learn from experience" and that "the Germans often paid the penalty for failing to realize this Russian ability to effect a change."

SOME excellent thumbnail sketches of the various Red Army combat arms and supporting forces are included: "The Soviet Army's tank forces are the best of all the branches of the Soviet land forces and constitute their real striking forces . . .

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the tactics and techniques employed by Soviet infantry will be only slightly modified from the techniques employed in the Second World War. The artillery is a highly significant element of the Soviet combat team . . . greater emphasis on anti-aircraft artillery of air defense of tactical troops is also indicated."

The treatment of Soviet air defense is outdated, in view of what is known publicly regarding Soviet developments of guided missiles for air-defense purposes. The fact that the book was planned for earlier publication may explain the failure of any of the authors to consider the impact of guided missiles on the Red Army. The neglect of army tactical air forces, which in 1945 comprised the entire Soviet air force, seems a notable omission.

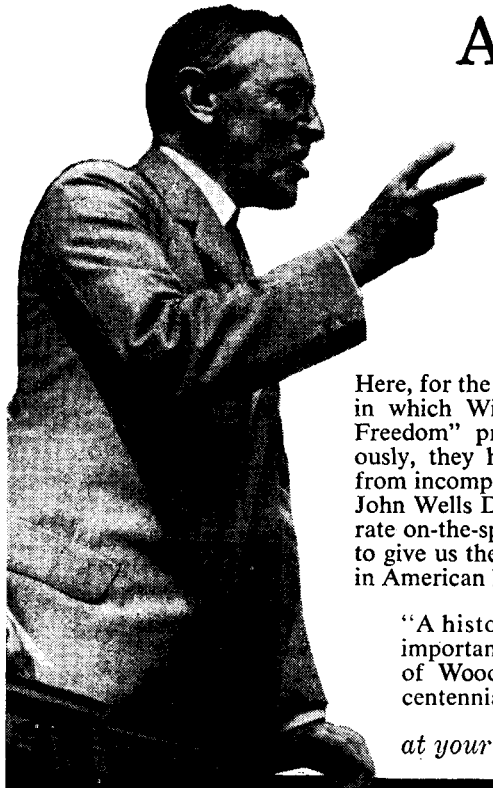
Morale and Education

The state of morale of the Soviet forces and the continued necessity for political indoctrination of the Soviet soldier are well presented. The soldier in the Red Army is characterized by a quip supposedly current among its men: "What is a soldier? A piece of flesh wrapped in a greatcoat and dirty foot-rags." We are well advised that the Soviet soldier "has not the same intense resentment toward authority which the free-born Westerner would feel," even though some Soviet soldiers reportedly balked at playing the butcher in Hungary.

In discussing the significant relation between the Soviet educational system and the effectiveness of the Red Army, one writer contends that "poor educational qualifications of the Soviet people disclose a weakness in their reservoir of officer material." Yet Sir Eric Ashby's chapter on "Science and the Soviet Army" asserts that "the first cause of the Soviet ascendancy in science and technology" can be found in a highly effective and directed educational system.

The New Weapons

The American authority on atomic warfare, Colonel George Reinhardt, had the primary task of analyzing the crucial impact of these new weapons on the Soviet Army, a question also treated in some detail by Colonels Louis B. Ely and F. O.



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Miksche. Colonel Miksche uses this forum to urge once again that the western powers abandon their emphasis on "bombs that are too big" at the expense of "armies that are too small," since the Soviet Union has both. Colonel Ely believes that most of the advantages in atomic conflict will continue to accrue to the West, since the rate of changes in the military art will be more advantageous "to the flexible personnel of the Western armies." Colonel Reinhardt contends that "Russian Communist military stature has not diminished with the advent of nuclear weapons, which it has apparently absorbed as efficiently as the West—and with less disrupting repercussions." It would seem that the atomic experts are also up in the air.

A Comprehensive Strategy

Outstanding among the many lessons contained in the book is Guderian's warning that "Russian strategy, hitherto continental, will automatically become global. Based on a large and secure land mass, a strong air force and navy will enable Russia to conduct far-reaching operations overseas." Guderian concurs in Marshal Zhukov's statement to the Twentieth Congress: The Soviet government is "devoting a special attention to the development of the air force, as the most important means of insuring our mother-land's superiority. . . . In building up the navy, we assume that the naval fighting will acquire immeasurably greater significance." In the future, therefore, we can assume that the Red Army operations will be integrated in a comprehensive Soviet strategy, consistent with Zhukov's words: "Without their well-organized coordination [of all three services] it is impossible to wage a modern war successfully."

It is unfortunate that the editor of this book made little effort to present the many interesting facts covered by the individual contributions into an integrated analysis of the potential role of the Red Army in the emerging Soviet strategy. But that would be almost another volume. Liddell Hart's *The Red Army* whets the appetite, but we must still look elsewhere for the main course.

The Pound, the Dollar, And World Trade

AUGUST HECKSCHER

STERLING-DOLLAR DIPLOMACY — ANGLO-AMERICAN COLLABORATION IN THE RECONSTRUCTION OF MULTILATERAL TRADE, by Richard N. Gardner. *Oxford. $6.75.*

This well-organized and carefully written work is a study of Anglo-American economic co-operation from the start of the Second World War to 1947. Mr. Gardner is a reflective scholar, able to see things in their broader context, sensitive to both sides of an argument.

The start of the war found an emphasis on economic co-operation, which, in view of the issues that subsequently developed, seems somewhat unrealistic. Mr. Gardner points out shrewdly that such basic American tendencies as universalism and anti-colonialism fed the enthusiasm for multilateral financial and commercial arrangements. The ever-wily Churchill was quite prepared at the Atlantic Conference of 1941 to use economics as a lever for the broad political support he was seeking. These first stages are marked by the influence of Cordell Hull, to whom it seemed that freer trade would solve almost all of the world's ills.

Keynes and White

Among the experts, two men, whose pictures are shown together facing the title page, played a crucial role. They were both academicians who showed a surprising aptitude for negotiation and institution building. On the British side the protagonist was, of course, John Maynard Keynes. On the American side it was Harry Dexter White. Mr. Gardner deals prudently with White, recognizing the ambiguity which attaches to his name, yet asserting that he may well have "put forward his financial plans in the sincere belief that they would further the interests of the United States." Keynes and White laid the basis for multilateralism and shaped the institutions of practical co-operation between Britain and the United States. The Bretton Woods organization, the Anglo-American financial agreement, and the charter of the International Trade Organization all bore the stamp of their labors.

The trouble with these plans, as Mr. Gardner points out, is that they overstressed the role of economics; they assumed that economic policy could by itself determine political realities. Moreover, there was a constant tendency to bridge over real differences in the British and American viewpoints, substituting legal formulas for true consensus. When the war ended, it was clear that emergency financial measures of a kind not heretofore envisaged would be needed if the burden of the fighting was not to prove disastrous to the very fabric of British life. The British loan agreement, signed in December, 1945, formed a new chapter and showed how far the underlying assumptions of the war years had altered. By 1947 the emphasis had shifted away from the pursuit of multilateralism to a feverish attempt to shore up the western cause through such measures as aid to Greece and the Marshall Plan.

Mr. Gardner's closing chapters are a rather melancholy account of plans running out: "The End of Bretton Woods"; "The End of the Loan"; "The End of the I.T.O." The author concludes on a note of moderate hope. The years since 1947, he says, have seen an expansion of world trade, a more secure balance of payments for Britain, and an increased awareness on the part of the United States of the actual conditions, political and economic, that face its allies. Yet the goals of the early war years are still far from realized. Perhaps in the nature of things they must remain unrealized; but it is well to recall that these goals existed and that men strove unremittingly, and for a while with surprising success, to attain them.

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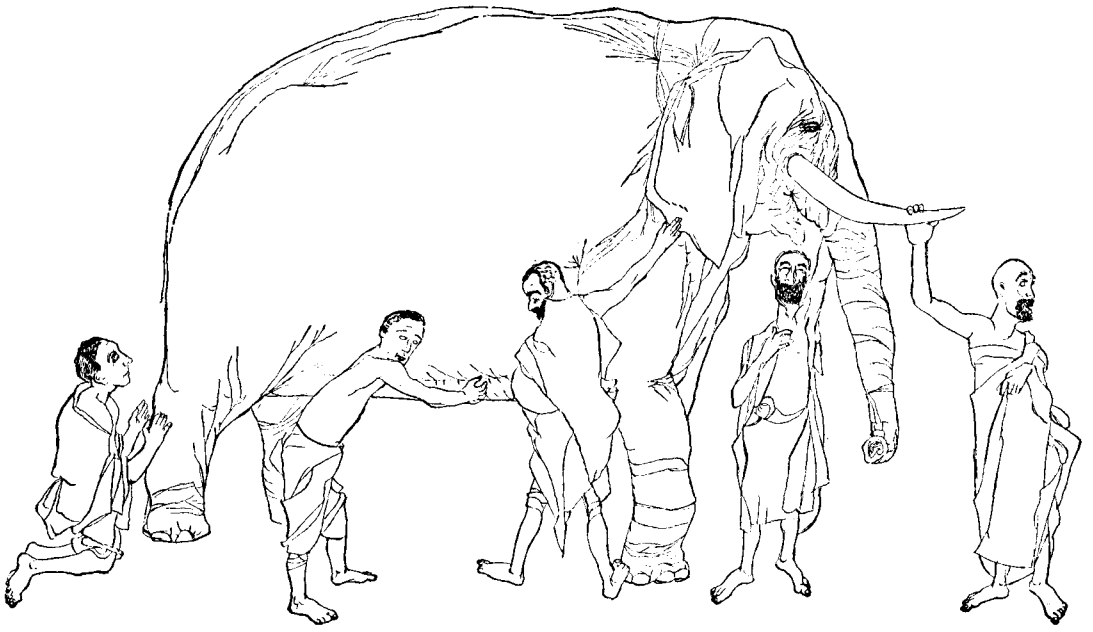

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